

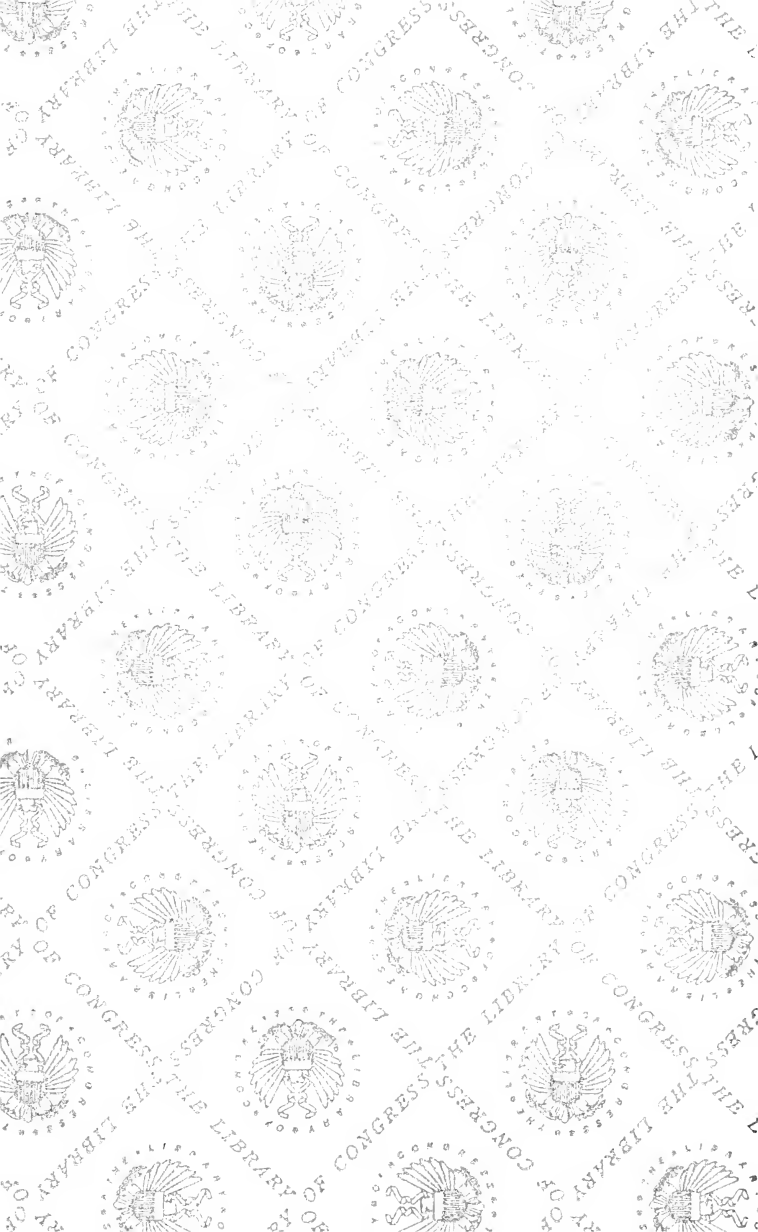
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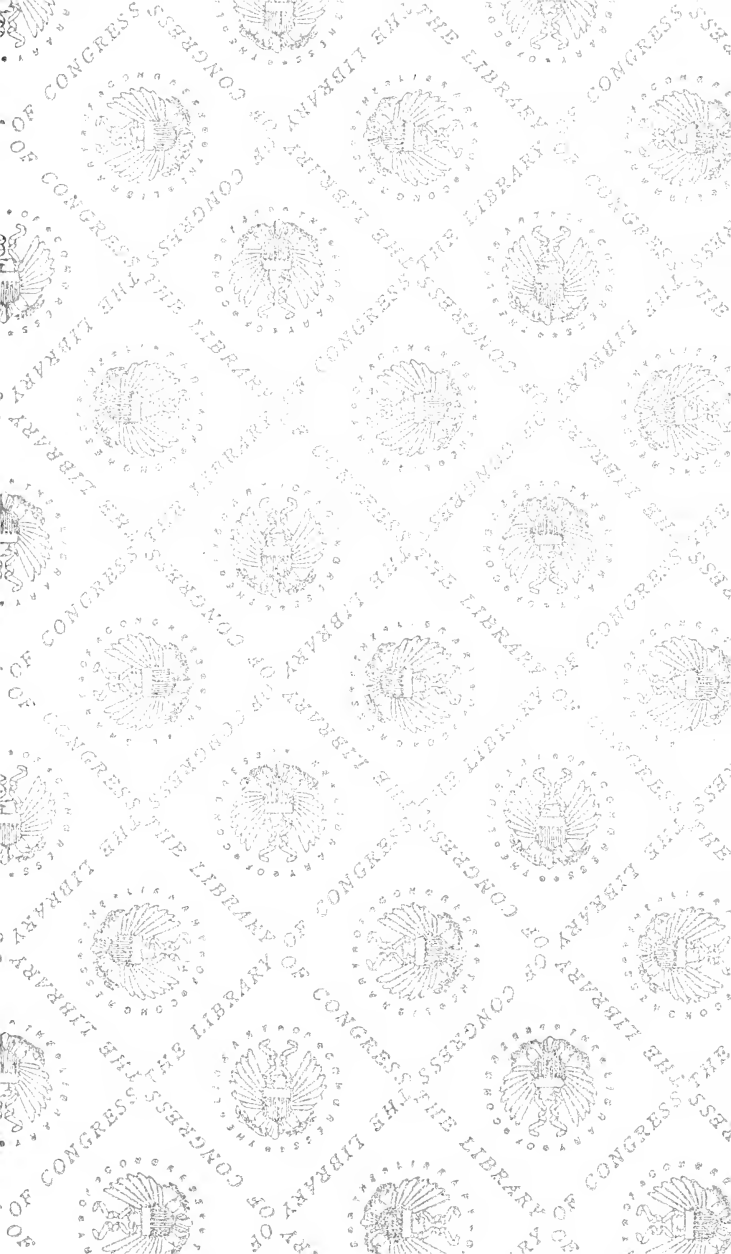
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TO MY
PERSONAL FRIENDS
THIS VOLUME
IS
CORDIALLY INSCRIBED.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting the following poems to the public, the author begs leave to say that the most of them were written during a course of study preparatory to entering College. A few have been more recently written, and others have received some slight emendations. With the exception of the first two, they are arranged nearly in the order in which they were written. Being early and hasty productions, they are not supposed free from faults, nor expected to defy criticism. They may be objected to by some on account of their seriousness; but it is better, perhaps, that they possess this character than its opposite. With all their imperfections, if they shall inspire in the hearts of any a love of virtue—if they shall gratify the friends of the writer, and be a means of *pecuniary* assistance in aiding him to complete a course of study, he will cheerfully bear the censure he may incur by their publication.

S. D. P.

SEPT. 1842.

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ELOQUENCE OF NATURE.

•

THERE is an Eloquence in Nature's voice,
That hath a tone the Sceptic's soul to move;
And bid the care-worn pilgrim's heart rejoice,
As through Life's ever-changeeful scenes we rove:
Old Ocean speaks the power of God above;
Each passing day proclaims the march of Time;
And all Creation chants a song of love,
That seems like music from a heavenly clime,
To bless existence here, and tell of joys sublime!

ELOQUENCE OF NATURE.

I.

SPIRIT OF SONG!—blest resident of light!—
Wing down to earth again thine airy flight;
And let the thrill thy mystic powers impart,
Flow through the feelings and pervade the heart;
And give to dormant words a potent skill,
To light a flame that every mind shall fill:
Oh, touch the wakeful harp, inspiring Muse,
And sweetly now thy hallowed strains diffuse;
Grant heavenly music to the sounding lyre,
And let, to aid, thy peerless throng conspire,
As at thy feet our humble gift we bring,
And here attempt in faltering verse to sing;
While up, around, below, with beauty rife,
All Nature teems with harmony and life,

II.

There is a language in the works of God—
And in my boyhood's days I often loved
O'er Nature's flowery fields to roam, and learn
The alphabet of her instructive book.
The little lessons which she taught me then
My childish fancy pleased, and now are well
Remembered in my riper years. Her voice
Is full of high and winning eloquence—
Now soft as the bland cadences of love,
And pleasing as the dulcet vesper-hymn;
Again, like fierce Volcano's lurid fires,
Or Earthquake's thunder-pealing roar and shock,
It bursteth forth, reverberating round
The circle of her measureless domain.

Nature!—far as Creation's verge extends,
So far thy glories reach. The utmost orb,
That twinkles in the limitless expanse,
Was rounded by Jehovah's hand, and forms
A jewel in thy sparkling diadem.
Earth, Air, and Ocean, all, are thine, as when,
At first, "the morning stars together sang,"
Jubilant o'er the young but perfect world,
And sweetly smiled on blissful Paradise.

Though age on age hath rolled its ceaseless round,
And revolutions o'er the earth have swept—
Empires have risen in splendor, and again
Gone down—the king, the warrior, and the sage
Have flourished and decayed—unnumbered hosts
Have lived, and died, and mouldered back to dust;
Still thou dost stand, sublime as at the dawn,
And boundless as the universe of God!

Thy wonders and thy beauties here exist,
Unrivalled, in the New World's wide domain.
The Andes are thy lofty seat. Thy tracks
Amidst the wilderness—the Amazon,
And proud Missouri. The reflecting lakes
Thy mirrors are—Niagara's roar, thy voice!

And o'er the Oriental World are spread
The varied works of Nature's plastic hand:
Uplifted mountains, and the lowly vales—
The fertile spot, and desert drear—the rills
That murmur, and the rolling rivers deep—
The classic fields of Greece, where Homer sang
Achilles' fame—Italia's sunny shores,
Where Maro's harp, and Tully's voice were heard.
Her beauties yet remain on Scotland's towers—
Its Highland cliffs—the homes of heroes brave,
Immortalized in story and in song.

Scotland!—to paint thy scenes, thy gifted son¹
It needs, who, one brief year ago, portrayed
The grandeur of thy bold, majestic hills,
Thy lovely glens, pure streams, and crystal lakes,
In strains of soul-inspiring eloquence.
But ah! beneath the withering, icy touch
Of the fell Spoiler's wasting hand, that star,
That radiant star of hope, grew dim—expired—
And, like the Pleiad lost, its cluster left,
Mourning their brightest orb. Too pure for earth,
From chanting Nature here, he's gone to join
The sweetest songs of seraphim above,
In never-ceasing praise to Nature's God!

Old Ocean, with its vast extent, is thine,
O Nature, and thy power and majesty
Are seen in all its changes. Oft it speaks
In fearful tones, and maketh man to quail
With dread before its awful eloquence!
Ay, well do I remember now a scene,
That Time from Memory's page can ne'er efface.

III.

Once alone on the shore of the Ocean I stood,
And surveyed the expanse of the fathomless flood;
Its waters were hushed in the calmness of sleep,

And Silence reposed on the face of the deep.
The bright skies above me were cloudless and fair,
And gazing far down, saw their images there.
'T was a beautiful scene, and 'Tranquility's hour
Ruled over the billows disarmed of their power
By HIM who directeth the tempest at will,
And saith to the wild-winds—*Be peaceful and still.*

A speck in the distance soon rose on my sight,
And slowly advancing, with pennons of white,
To my vision unfolded a ship in its pride,
Which exultingly rode on the silvery tide.
How *potent is man!*—to myself then I said—
Who the surges of Ocean can fearlessly tread.
To the land it was wafting the joyous and gay,
Who from home and its pleasures had long been
away;
But were now fondly hoping to meet them once
more,
And join with the friends they had left on the shore.
While onward thus moving, devoid of all fears,
A sound like a death-knell rang loud in their ears:
Each trembling with terror looked out with affright,
And lo, the *tornado* was coming in might!
Then sounded again the wild shriek of despair,
For the swift-bounding billows were rolling in air!

Vain, vain to escape was their manliest strife,
For the whirlwind came on like a monster of life ;
And down sank the vessel beneath it in gloom,
And all were o'erwhelmed in a watery tomb !

I gazed on the scene of that terrible hour,
And trembled in view of Omnipotent Power !
Though Ocean may sleep and be calm to the sight,
Yet it sleeps like a lion prepared for the fight !
How *impotent, man* !—when the elements rage,
His efforts, how futile their wrath to assuage !
Earth's hopes are as fickle as Zephyr's light breath,
And the journey of life is the pathway of Death !
Those glad hearts were looking with joy to the
 shore,
To meet with their kindred, but met them no more.
'Mid the jewels of Ocean, they rest in their graves,
And their dirge is the music of murmuring waves !

IV.

The welcome Morning hath a voice—and oft
It maketh glad the weary mariner
Tossed on the billows of the trackless deep.
The sick man, turning on his couch of pain,
Rejoices when the light of day returns,
And casts its cheering smile on all around.

How beautiful is Summer's golden Morn !
And oh, with what delight, in its glad hour,
I lift my ravished eyes to the blue vault,
Pendent above me, cloudless and serene ;
And hear the music of the purling rills—
List to the joyful harmony of birds ;
And gaze o'er verdant fields and meadows green—
The tranquil bosom of the slumbering lakes ;
And the high summits of the far-off hills,
Tinged with the radiance of the rising sun,
Rejoicing in his course.

One smiling morn
Like this, there moved, with fairy step, amidst
The beauties of a blooming garden, filled
With sweet perfumes and fragrant flowers,
A sylph-like form, in all her gracefulness,
Gathering a wreath from Nature's chosen bower.
And as she passed with gladsome heart along,
'Mid the luxuriance of that flowery field,
Bearing the chaplet in her snowy hand,
She seemed a being of another world,
So lovely, and arrayed in angel robes.

And such is WOMAN—Heaven's selectest gift—
Sweet soother of our cares, and griefs, and woes :
Her presence, and her sympathizing tears

Are balm and solace to the saddened heart ;
Her voice, in hours of gloom, is like the tones
Of heavenly harps, by angel-fingers touched,
Thrilling each chord that vibrates in the soul :
Ay, earth is blest with creatures fair, that well
Might range the gardens of the spirit-land !

There is a loveliness, sublimity,
And eloquence in the still, mid-day hour,
When the bright sun, in his triumphal car
Of golden splendor, rides, in peerless pomp,
O'er starry pavements of the sapphire sky,
Gazing upon the worlds that round him roll
And glitter in the light that emanates
From his own copious and exhaustless flame,
Kindled by the creating hand of God.

Far more sublime and eloquent *that* day,
That noon-tide hour, when heaven's affrighted orb,
Sick, at the dark ingratitude of man,
Withdrew his brightness from Judea's plains,
And veiled himself in saddest, deepest gloom—
Refusing to behold the awful scene
On Calvary's brow. Ah! shuddering Nature then,
With unaccustomed voice, from rending rocks,
Rousing from the repose of centuries,

And from Earth, quaking to her very heart—
Told of the expiring Son of Man—of God!

No cloud is floating on the ambient air,
And not a breeze disturbs the quietness
Of spreading forests, groves, and peaceful lakes,
Reposing in the silent solitude
Of Nature's calm, quiescent sleep, while man,
And beast are resting in the cooling shade.
'Tis a loved hour, and emblem of the peace
That reigns through the high chancery of heaven.

Change is the life of Nature, and it gives
A variant grandeur to her lovely charms;
And speaks, with more than mortal eloquence,
Its Author's goodness, power, and majesty.

Far in the west, on the horizon's verge,
At length are faintly seen the shadowy mists,
Creeping along upon the mountain's brow,
And gathering around the azure peaks.
Vapors unite to swell the floating mass,
Which darker, denser grows, till, like a band
Of marshaled warriors, the portentous cloud
Scales the high battlements of heaven. The roar
Of rumbling thunder falls upon the ear,

Low, murmuring at first, in distance far;
But soon are heard in deeper, louder peals,
Till it would seem that heaven and earth had met,
And both were dashed in chaos, formless, dread!
The trackless lightning's glare, faint at the first,
Now flashes forth in all its vividness
And terror. Lurid fires, athwart the heavens,
With magic swiftness fly, while torrents pour
Their thickening flood. Sublime, stupendous scene!
Back shrinks the sun, and quails the earth before
The wild Storm-Spirit's awful presence! Oh,
How oft I've gazed on the advancing cloud,
In wonder and in admiration wrapped—
Chained by the eloquence of Deity!

The storm is past—and in the rosy west
Now brightly glows the smiling sun, and Earth
Again rejoices in his welcome beams.
Clings to the moving cloud the beauteous bow—
Token of its Maker's covenant with man—
Arrayed in the tiara of its own
Grand gorgeousness of hues, which artists' skill
May vainly strive to imitate. Down sinks
The day-god, 'mid the glories of a scene,
Sublime, and of surpassing loveliness.
Oh, beautiful beyond expression oft

Are radiant clouds that gild, in changing forms,
The western sky, at sunset's peaceful hour.

As linger bright and lovely hues along
The distant mountain-tops, and on the clouds,
That dance in joyous harmony above,
Reflecting to the vales the cheerful light
Of the glad sun, gone peaceful down to rest—
So lives the influence of the good man's life,
Though he hath left earth's busy scenes behind.
It lingers sweetly on a thousand hearts,
And bids their aspirations upward soar,
As to the skies it tends, and round him there
Gathers in an eternal halo bright!

Twilight, in all her solemn stillness, steals
Apace. The merry songsters of the air
Hie to the leafy groves, and there fold up
Their weary pinions. Fainter grows the hum
Of bustling men, until it dies away.
This pensive hour of tranquil eventide
Is full of eloquence, and peace, and love,
Which every thoughtful mind must feel, as now,
By Nature's diapason charmed, it soars
Aloft, from earth to heaven. The paly stars
And planets beam like diamonds in the sky,
While Cynthia fair her silver car ascends,

And peerless rides among the hosts of night.
Poets, in deepest contemplation wrapped,
Spell-bound by Nature's charms, deem that they hear
From far the choral music of the spheres.
Lovers and loved with lightsome step walk forth,
Beneath the listening orbs above, and speak
The tender language of affection deep.

So calm the night, so still is all around—
Above—below—it seems that Earth, beneath
The lofty dome of Nature's temple, bows
In prayer to her Creator, while all hushed,
And breathless, Silence lends attentive ear.
How deeply eloquent this evening hour,
As gentle Peace spreads o'er the hemisphere
Her wreathy folds; and rapt Devotion from
Her sacred altars upward bears, exhaled,
Her sweetest incense to the skies. The stars
Are worshipers; and while they've lighted up
The pathway of old Time, since first his march
Began, their voice, from night to night, hath told
The Eternal's glory; and as wayward man
Upturns his eye and gazes on the bright,
Celestial hosts, in all their peacefulness,
He well may blush for his impiety—
His wickedness—his cruel deeds of blood!

Who but beholds the works of Nature's power,
Even in the changes of a Summer's day,
And hears her all-pervading eloquence proclaim
An over-ruling Potentate Supreme ?
Where is the man whose deity is *Chance* ?—
And who will boldly say, "THERE IS NO GOD?"

V.

SCEPTIC !—go climb the mountain's lofty height,
Where scenes of grandeur burst upon the sight ;
And let thine eye the lovely things survey,
That glitter in the glorious light of day—
The landscape fair in all its beauty view,
Adorned with varied flowers of brightest hue—
The verdant hillocks and the valleys green,
And rills that sparkle in their silvery sheen :
Then raise aloft the rapt, admiring eye,
And scan the wonders of the star-paved sky ;
And tell me, then, with these before thy glance,
If this Creation be the work of *Chance* !

Who formed the wondrous world—the heavens
sublime,
And gave the seasons their appointed time ?
Who calls to life the Spring-time's lovely flower,
And carpets earth in Summer's gladsome hour ;

Crowns the full year with Autumn's plenteous store,
And bids the stormy blasts of Winter roar?
Who robed the moon, and lighted up the sun—
Bade the vast planets in their orbits run;
And placed the stars upon their thrones on high,
Which deck the forehead of the radiant sky?
Who reared aloft the mountain's towering head—
Scooped out the hollow deep for Ocean's bed—
Commands the billows to repose in sleep,
Then wake, and higher than the mountains heap?
Who bids the liquid flames from Ætna pour—
The dashing torrent of Niagara roar—
Spread the broad prairies of the boundless West,
Whose rolling fires rise wildly on their crest—
Lights up auroral flashes in the sky—
Now deadly pale, and now of crimson dye?
Who chains the furious winds in caverns deep,
Then bids them o'er the hills with vengeance sweep?
Who hangs the gathering clouds aloft in air,
Dark as the fearful visage of Despair—
Bids the red lightning in its terror flash,
And pealing thunders break with loudest crash—
Brings down the treasures of the lowering cloud,
And soon removes afar the darksome shroud—
Bends the bright Iris on the eastern sky,
At which Earth gazes with enraptured eye?

Who gives the common bounties we enjoy,
And proffers purer good, without alloy?
Who fashioned *thee*, thou unbelieving man,
With powers of thought Creation's realm to scan?
Tell, if thou hast the skill or tongue to name,
The source whence thy mysterious being came.—
Thy voice is silent as the senseless clod,
While Nature's works proclaim their Maker—God!

VI.

Nature is eloquent. She speaks to those,
Versed in the language of her ample book,
With many a voice, expressive, and distinct
As the deep-written lines, imprinted firm
Upon the earth, and all terrestrial things,
By Time's unresting, tireless pen, strong held
Within the grasp of Death's relentless hand,
Placing on all beneath the spangled arch
Of the uplifted skies the seal and stamp
Of mutability.

 The simplest flower,
In Flora's garland, as its opening bud
Expands and blooms, but ere long fades away,
Tells us of earthly beauty, blossoming but
To die—and warns us not to place our heart's
Supreme affections there. Whoever grasps

The dazzling rose will find a hidden thorn :
And thus it is with brightest things of earth—
Alluring phantoms of ephemeral life—
Mankind pursue its pleasures, honors, wealth,
With eagerness ; but feel the bitter pangs,
At last, of disappointment and of pain.
There is no joy, no flower of earthly growth,
But has its thorn concealed.

The purling brook,
Whose rippled current flows through verdant meads
And gloomy fens, toward Ocean's boundless deep,
To mingle with its waters,—hath a voice,
Which speaks of man's descent upon the stream
Of Time, through ever-varying scenes of joy,
And sorrow, till he launches out upon
The Ocean of Eternity !

The fair,
Extended landscape, sweet on Summer's lap
Reposing, and in all the loveliness
Of Beauty's richest, gayest robe attired,—
Speaks of aspiring man, in all his pride
And glory. But, as Autumn's blighting breath
Sweeps by, and he with frosty fingers plucks
Each lovely flower, it tells of man's decay,
Before the chilling blast and icy hand
Of Death, the dread Destroyer, who will wrap

His pallid limbs in the habiliments
Of the dark grave, and sternly bear him down,
In silence, to the pulseless sepulchre,
Where o'er his mouldering form shall roll for aye,
Oblivion's shoreless flood !

The Seasons all,
Throughout their annual round ;—the watchful
stars,

That sparkle in the diadem of heaven,
Whose crystal rays descend like angels' tears,
Shed o'er frail, erring man ;—the gentle Moon,
Night's Empress fair, whose soft and snowy beams
Remove the veil of darknes from the world,
And spread delight where Gloom her curtains
hung,

Like Hope's reviving rays, when, breaking through
The portals of Despair, they ope the soul
To ecstacies of joy ;—the glorious Sun,
The lamp of space, the almoner of light
And life to worlds, whose radiance melts away
The Winter's ice and spreads upon the earth
A verdant robe, adorned with choicest flowers
Of sweetest fragrance and of brightest hue ;—
All Nature's works unceasingly proclaim,
In loftiest strains of heaven-born eloquence,
The all-pervading power and love of **HIM**,

Who fashioned *them* ere long to fade and die ;
But destined MAN for immortality—
Gave *him* a being that shall never end !

The mind—the deathless spirit—hath a life,
Coeval with its great, Eternal Source :
And when the everlasting hills shall fall,
Crumbling to naught—Niagara's voice be hushed—
The Ocean's roaring cease, its surges calmed
In waveless solitude—the world be sunk
Deep in Annihilation's gloomy gulf—
Yon starry gems, the blazonry of heaven,
Be gathered as a scroll, and hurled away
With meteor swiftness from their burning thrones,
Down to Oblivion's dark abyss—and Time,
The tireless voyager of ten thousand years,
Be wrecked, at last, and overwhelmed amidst
The darkling billows of Eternity !—
O man !—immortal man !—thy SOUL shall live,
Existing ON—FOR EVER !

Hear that truth,
In the soft whisper of the passing breeze—
The echoing mountains and resounding dells—
Behold it in the opening life of Spring—
See it in the calm evening's hallowed hour,
Engraven on the beautiful expanse

Above, in characters of living light.
The voice within proclaims it—and without,
Its solemn music falls upon the ear,
Thrills through the heart, and is prolonged in
 strains,
From Nature's universal symphony !

VII.

O Mortal !—frail voyager on Life's stormy sea,
Borne swift o'er its bosom by winds wild and free ;
While its surges, revolving with vehement roar,
Dash loudly and fast on Eternity's shore ;
Where the spirit, surviving the wreck of the tomb,
Ascends up to God, and receiveth its doom—
List thou to the teachings of Nature around,
Her soft silent voice, and her earth-shaking sound.
Thy destiny read in the bright Summer flower,
Which blooms in its beauty, then fades in an hour :
As the sere leaves of Autumn drop down from
 their stem,
Remember that thou, too, must wither like them !
When gazing on Earth, or the gay orbs of Night,
Look beyond them, and up to the Father of Light,
Whose nod makes a world, or enwraps it in flames,
And yield Him the homage his sovereignty claims.

So then, when the Summer of Life fades away,
And its Autumn is bearing thee on to decay ;
And the Winter of Death, with its cold, searching
blast,

Advancing in terror, o'ertakes thee at last—
Thou canst meet him, though bringing thy funeral
pall,

And gladly depart, at his summoning call,—
Sustained by the hope of ascending on high,
Where Spring never ends, and where flowers never
die,

But perennial bloom in the fields of the blest,
Where the pilgrim is safe in the haven of rest—
And a garland of glory eternally wear,

IMMORTAL—UNFADING—IMMUTABLE THERE !

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

GATHERED from the fields of life,
While amidst its care and strife,
Here I bring my little flowers,
Playmates of my lonely hours.

PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

He turned the sea into dry *land* :
They went through the flood on foot ;
There did we rejoice in him.—Ps. LXVI : 6.

I.

LAND of undying fame ! whose honored sires
Spread the first rays that Science did bestow ;
Thy Sages kindled bright, immortal fires,
Which now upon their sons but faintly glow :
Yet still, as then, the Nile's deep waters flow,
And pour their fertilizing streams around ;
And skies unveiled by clouds look down below,
On EGYPT's storied realms, so long renowned
For monuments of art, for wealth, and lore profound.

II.

Here ruled, of old, far back upon the tide
Of Time, a monarch proud, in pomp arrayed,
Whose heart was adamant, whose soul was pride,
Whose word was law, while menial slaves
obeyed,
And bowed before the sceptre which he swayed:
And long beneath that tyrant's cruel hand,
Was ISRAEL'S host in servile bondage laid,
And doomed to toil—forbid to leave the land—
By PHARAOH made to serve, to yield to his command.

III.

While thus weighed down, in Slavery's heavy
chains,
Their cry ascended to the ALMIGHTY'S throne—
That cry was heard— and over Egypt's plains,
He made his ever-righteous judgments known,
To bid relent the monarch's heart of stone,
And give deliverance to those oppressed:
By Him was MOSES reared to lead His own,
From Pharaoh's realms to CANAAN'S land of rest,
A home with plenty crowned, a home with freedom
blest.

IV.

But naught, as yet, had moved the tyrant's soul,
Though direful plagues were o'er his kingdom
sent,
Which showed to all around a God's control;
But still his flinty heart did not relent:
And though he feigned in sorrow to repent,
To Israel yet their freedom he denied,
And made them still to bow with firm intent;
And oft, with impious word and reckless pride,
The HEBREWS' mighty God, contemptuously defied!

V.

The monarch's heart was filled with dread at last,
For Egypt's FIRST-BORN, in a fearful night,
Fell by the withering touch of DEATH's cold blast,
Which swept along, unseen, with mortal blight!
So saddening, sickening, was the mournful
sight,
Such piercing cries were borne on every gale,
That Pharaoh, ere the Morning's early light,
With trembling voice, and visage wan and pale,
Bade Israel's host depart from Egypt's fated vale!

VI.

The Hebrews now released, with joyful heart,
 Bid all behind farewell, without delay ;
As from Oppression's land they soon depart,
 And toward the wilderness pursue their way.
While Moses leads them on in bright array,
JEHOVAH hangs a cloud aloft in air,
 To guide them through the long and weary day,
And o'er them spreads at night his radiance fair,
As they approach the SEA, and make encampment
 there.

VII.

All free from bondage and its cruel chains,
 A song of gladness flows from every tongue,
And drooping hearts revive to hear the strains
 Resound from freedom's harp so long unstrung,
As here they briefly rest the dales among,
While on each side majestic mountains rise,
 Where, undisturbed, the forest birds had sung,
And just before the Sea in calmness lies,
Reflecting from its depths the blue, o'er-arching
 skies.

VIII.

Ofttimes we find our scenes of brightest joy
O'ercast with sable gloom that comes between ;
For earthly bliss is not without alloy—
As storms in Summer days will intervene,
So on Life's sea are angry tempests seen.
Hark!—hark!—through Israel's camp the notes
of fear

Arise—they see the spears in glittering sheen,
As Pharaoh's hosts in chariots appear,
While frightful, troublous sounds break on the
startled ear!

IX.

Alas! where now shall Israel's host retreat?

What hope is left—ah! whither shall they fly?
Enclosed, unarmed, they dread the foe to meet—
Proud Pharaoh's marshaled band approaching
nigh—

Up to the heavens they send a piercing cry,
And loudest murmers fill each fearful breast,
That forth from Egypt they were led to die.—
But Moses speaks, to give their bosoms rest,
And, standing in their midst, he thus the throng
addressed:

1

Why should Israel be dismayed ?

Why this sad and mournful cry ?

God hath promised—He will aid—

He will help when danger's nigh.

Fear ye not ! but trust in Heaven—

Soon deliverance shall be given !

2

Fear ye not ! but peaceful stand,

Though ye see your foes again ;

For Jehovah's powerful hand

Shall His people still sustain :

Look to Him—your fathers' guide—

And let every fear subside !

3

He, whose mighty, wondrous power

Made the monarch quail with dread,

When the lonely, midnight hour

Gazed on Egypt's first-born—dead!—

He is still the Hebrews' friend—

His right arm shall yet defend !

4

Though before the Sea is near,
On each side the mountains rise,
And behind your foes appear,
Thick as stars that gem the skies—
Fear ye not! but hope in God—
He shall break the Oppressor's rod!

5

Pharaoh's hosts we see to-day,
But shall see them soon no more—
God will make for us a way,
And in safety lead us o'er—
Let your fears then quickly cease—
Trust in Him and rest in peace!

6

God thus far hath led us on,
And will yet our battles fight—
He shall bid our fears begone—
He shall whelm our foes to-night!
Onward! then, and trust in Heaven—
Soon deliverance shall be given!

X.

The notes of murmuring cease—and every eye
Is now on Moses turned with silent gaze.
While o'er the western hills, in purple sky,
The sinking Sun pours forth his parting rays,
Which play around the landscape he surveys,
And glad would yet in Israel's camp abide :
But faint and fainter still becomes his blaze,
Till rising cliffs his smiling radiance hide :—
Thus mortal life declines, as o'er its sea we glide

XI.

'Tis early Twilight's calm and loveliest hour,
A peaceful stillness broods o'er sea and land ;
No threatening clouds in gloomy darkness lower,
But solemn silence reigns at God's command :
The wavering Hebrews now approach the
strand,
Where Moses halts, and, o'er the tranquil tide,
His mystic rod, on stretching in his hand,
Whose potent virtues he so oft had tried,
Now stuns the crystal Sea, whose waters quick
divide !

XII.

Loud roar the surges of the opening deep,
As wave on wave successively is rolled,
And billows still on other billows heap,
Until like walls they rise in grandeur bold,
And far beneath the solid earth unfold !
Here Moses enters first, with footsteps strong,
As those he leads the wondrous scene behold ;
But soon, at his command, the astonished throng,
With trembling steps advance, and urge their
course along.

XIII.

The Hebrews still pursue their onward way,
Though round them hangs the dusky veil of
night :
Amidst the gloom there shines a heavenly ray,
And darkness flies before its guiding light,
Which sheds o'er Israel's host a halo bright,
And bids no anxious fears their minds annoy,
While on they go, and view the cheering sight,
As gladsome songs their faltering tongues employ,
Until they reach the shore, with thankful hearts
of joy.

XIV.

Jehovah thus made known his might to save ;
And the memento of his wondrous power,
That brought the host of Israel through the wave,
His people oft inspired in danger's hour,
And buoyed them up when stormy clouds did
lower.

'T is midnight now—all nature's calm and still—
And brightly beam the stars from heaven's high
tower,

While Pharaoh's voice the darkened air doth fill,
Bidding his troops go on, nor fear foreboding ill !

XV.

The monarch's stern behest is soon obeyed,
As horsemen now the opening path descend,
With burnished spears, in war-like robes arrayed,
Eager and fierce with Israel to contend :
And with the daring troops the chariots blend,
As Pharaoh rides along, in lordly pride,
Nor deems that direful judgments may impend ;
But fearless still of HIM—the Hebrews' guide—
He leads his bannered hosts within the towering
tide !

XVI.

But ah ! an angry storm is gathering fast,²

And sombre clouds have all the sky o'erspread,
The floods in torrents pour, with furious blast—

The lightning darts in flaming streams of red,
And heaviest thunders roll with awful dread !

The Sea is closed with loud, tremendous roar !

A piercing shriek is heard, ere life had fled—

But soon 't is hushed—the storm is quickly o'er,
And Egypt's marshaled pride has sunk to rise no
more !

XVII.

Ah ! fearful vengeance from the mightiest hand !

Amazed, the Hebrews view the scene of woe,
While on the rising shore they silent stand,

And look upon the troubled Sea below,

Where sullen wrath descended on their foe !

But soon they turn away their wondering gaze,

As joy again through every heart doth flow—

To Heaven their grateful orisons they raise ;

And now, with harp attuned, pour forth a song of
praise.

1

To the LORD, our Protector,
 We joyfully sing—
All praise to Jehovah,
 Our conquering King!
He hath gloriously triumphed,
 And Israel is free!
But the hosts of proud Pharaoh
 Are whelmed in the Sea!

2

When all were affrighted—
 Encompassed by foes,
The waters He sundered—
 Like walls they arose!
By His power He hath led us
 All safe through the tide,
While His foes He hath vanquished,
 And humbled their pride!

3

Great God of our fathers,
 We bow at thy throne,
For thy name is exalted—
 Thy glory is known :
Our foes thou hast conquered—
 They sunk 'neath thy frown,
When Heaven's loud thunders,
 In terror, came down !

4

To the bright land of promise,
 He 'll guide, as we go,
Where the purest of pleasures
 Unceasingly flow :
As the Sun scatters darkness
 From earth's wide expanse,
So the foe of the Hebrews
 Shall flee at His glance !

5

5

Thou hast brought us from Egypt,
Thine arm hath sustained—
All dangers have vanished—
The victory's gained :
But the hosts of the Foeman
Repose in Death's sleep—
They have sunk, with their chariots,
Like lead, in the deep !

6

Great, great, is Jehovah—
Earth quails at His nod ;
There are none that are like Him—
Like Israel's God :
All others shall perish—
Their glory is vain ;
But the God of the Hebrews
For ever shall reign !

XVIII.

The music died away as ceased the song,
And all were wrapt in silent joy profound,
Save some who fain would yet the notes prolong,
As echoing hills and groves that lay around,
Returned to them again the pleasing sound.
The Hebrews now begin their steps anew,
Though Night's dim shadowings o'erveil the
ground ;
But soon, as on their way they still pursue,
Far in the glimmering east, the early dawn they
view.

XIX.

The orient Morn now glows with brighter ray,
And darkness fades before its crescent light,
Till soon appears the ruler of the day,
Shedding on all around effulgence bright,
While Israel joys to meet the welcome sight :
Still o'er the RED SEA hangs a sable gloom,
Where Pharaoh's hosts, o'erwhelmed in dismal
night,
Found far within its depths a watery tomb,
When vengeance from on high, came down with
awful doom !

XX.

Mysterious Power ! to whom how weak is man !

How vain for monarchs proud with Him to vie,
Whose piercing glance the heavens and earth
doth scan ;

Who hung aloft the rolling orbs on high,
And spread the gorgeous drapery of the sky ;
Whose mighty arm has broke the tyrant's rod,
And 'midst the waters made a pathway dry,
Where Israel's guarded host in safety trod :—
All great and glorious name—ETERNAL, SOVEREIGN
God !

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

How blest the glad hours that were spent in my
childhood,

While roaming with joy in the warm summer air,
By the mead, and the fountain, the hillock, and
wild-wood,

When youthful companions attended me there.

The scenes of my childhood I fondly remember,

When summer, and winter, and day after day,
We hasted to school, 'mid the winds of December,
Or rambled among the wild flowerets of May.

How cheerful the evenings when sitting together,

With brothers, and sisters, and parents so dear—
We told pleasing tales while the cold wintry weather
Beat loud on the windows, and snow filled the air.

How oft, when alone, I recall recollections
Of happier scenes in my earliest day—
Of social enjoyments with friends and connexions,
Now sleeping in silence, or far, far away.

Those sweet sunny seasons, oh, who will restore me?
Alas, for their absence—they ne'er will return :
Though long since departed, they seem still before
me,
And yet shall remain in fond Memory's urn.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1836.

HAIL, thou great and glorious day !

Hail, the sons of Freedom say,

Hail, says Echo, far away,

O'er the hills and dales :

Hail, Columbia—peaceful clime—

Where, in majesty sublime,

Undecayed by conquering Time,

Liberty prevails !

Sixty years have rolled away,

Since the blest, triumphant day,

We were made, we 're proud to say,

Independent—free !

Freedom's glorious banner waves

O'er us still—above the graves,

Where now sleep the patriot braves—

Foes to Tyranny !

Freemen! ye who love your land,
Freemen! ye who form this band,
For your cherished Country stand,
Till your latest hour :
Truth and right for ever claim—
Let no Tyrant proud defame
Freedom's land and sacred name,
Though he come with power !

By our blood-bought Liberty—
By our institutions, free—
We will never bow the knee
To a monarch's word :
No!—our Flag shall always swing,
Guarded by our Heavenly King ;
And for this we 'll ever sing
Praises to the LORD !

TO A FRIEND AT PARTING.

How transient are all earthly things,
 How soon their joys decay ;
 The pleasures every object brings,
 Must die, and fade away :
 The friends we love, ourselves and all,
 Though now in youthful bloom,
 To ruthless death, will victims fall,
 And sink within the tomb.

But far from this low vale of tears,
 In fairer climes on high,
 Beyond those bright, celestial spheres,
 That sparkle in the sky,—
 Are radiant scenes of purest joy,
 Devoid of every care ;
 For happiness, without alloy,
 Eternally is there.

No dire disease, nor racking pains,
Nor sorrows there are found :
And Death, on those delightful plains,
His note shall never sound.
Sweet place of rest—no troubles there,
To mar perpetual peace ;
How happy then 't will be to share
Such pure, immortal bliss.

My friend, I know 't is hard to part,
And far away to rove,
From that dear spot where first the heart
Has felt a parent's love—
To leave them all, our early friends,
We fondly love so well,
And find a home in distant lands,
With strangers there to dwell.

When far away from those you love,
You cast a look behind,
Then look once more—to HIM above—
A lasting FRIEND you 'll find :
And through this life's uneven way,
That Friend your steps will guide,
While hope shall point to endless day,
Beyond time's rolling tide.

We part, my friend, farewell—farewell !

And while on earth you stay,
May joy and peace each cloud dispel,
That hovers o'er thy way :

And when the hour of death shall come,
And life's last breath be given,
May angels bear thy spirit home,
To dwell with saints in heaven.

EVENING.

I LOVE the hour when evening spreads
Her dusky mantle o'er the land,
And the bright moon her radiance sheds,
Attended by the heavenly band.

I love to view the setting sun
Sink slowly down the the western fields,
For now the workman's task is done,
And night to him its solace yields.

I love to sit before the fire,
With brothers, sisters, parents dear ;
And from my father's aged sire,
Some pleasing tale of old to hear.

I love to join with social friends,
When evening shades have stole apace,
Where joy each peaceful scene attends,
Where pleasure dwells on every face.

MY HOME.

MY HOME! what a treasure!

How dear to my heart—
 How rich is the pleasure,
 Thy name doth impart!
 No place can excel thee—
 No spot on the earth,
 So sweet and so pleasant,
 As that of my birth!

The days of my childhood

I spent 'neath thy shade,
 And roved in the wild-wood,
 And skipped in the glade,
 With youthful companions,
 So blithesome and gay,
 While happy and joyous,
 The time rolled away!

I ne'er shall forget thee,
 Blest home of my heart,
Though far from thy precincts
 I 'm doomed to depart;
The fond recollections,
 Thou bringest to me,
Of endearing affections,
 Shall bind me to thee!

WINTER EVENING SONG.

WINTER's winds are rudely stealing
O'er the mountain, mead, and dale ;
Falling flakes are fast concealing
Nature's form beneath a veil.

Cold and sad, and wet, and weary,
Lone, the traveler wends his way ;
Night to him is long and dreary,
While he looks for dawning day.

Winter ! all thy smiles are freezing—
Pass thee, pass thee quick away ;
Let the season, mild and pleasing,
Bear its kind and gentle sway.

Beautiful were modest flowers,
Blooming 'neath the sky of Spring—
Glad we roved in Summer's bowers,
Lingering round each lovely thing.

But the rose has withered—faded,
Not a floral leaf remains
In the cherished wreath we braided—
Winter now imperial reigns.

Come ! around the fire-side cluster,
Pile the fuel on the grate—
Let the tempest howl and bluster,
While we sing with heart elate.

Winter ! soon thy storms shall vanish,
Soon shall end thy coldest night ;
Sol thy snowy robes shall banish—
Spread thy pinions for the flight !

INTRODUCTION TO AN ALBUM.

“Vera amicitia est sempiterna.”

AS FAIREST flowers of earth will fade away,
Before remorseless Time's tyrannic sway,
So those we love may fall in youthful bloom,
And early rest within the darkened tomb.

Yet Friendship true shall never fade nor die,
But bloom perennial in the upper sky ;
Kindled by an immortal touch, its fire
Shall brighter glow when earthly ties expire.

Sweet are the cheering beams of Friendship pure,
That light our path while life may here endure ;
And shed their lovely radiance on the soul,
Beyond the reach of change, or time's control.

The ALBUM's page is fited to receive
The choicest garland that a friend may weave ;
And, as the years depart on Time's fleet wing,
Remembrance oft around that friend shall cling.

Go forth, FAIR BOOK, emblem of virtue, truth,
And let the friendly thoughts that glow in youth,
Be here recorded, free from sinful mirth,
To cheer life's chequered pilgrimage on earth.

Each coronal entwined, or gathered flower
Should come from Poesy's enchanting bower,
Fraught with chaste sentiments by Friendship fired,
And those by pure Religion's muse inspired,

Then, though these friends may all be far away,
Or silent sleep beneath the cold, damp clay,
Their virtues, names, and Friendship here shall last,
And long remain mementoes of the past.

"PRAY WITHOUT CEASING."

WHEN the early dawn of the morning breaks,
 Away o'er the eastern hills ;
Ere the sunbeams play on the silvery lakes,
 Or gleam on the purling rills,
From the couch of sleep and repose arise,
 For now thou art free from care ;
And lift up thy thoughts to the distant skies,
 While bowed in the place of prayer.

When the sun hath reached its meridian height,
 And pours over all his rays ;
And revives the earth with his golden light,
 Inspiring the heart with praise ;
From the scenes of toil and the world retire,
 Dismiss every earthly care ;
And present thy thanks and the pure desire,
 To Him who will hear thy prayer.

When the king of day, in the purple west,
Sinks calmly down in peace ;
And nature is hushed in its silent rest,
And toils of the day shall cease ;
As the mind reflects on the time that's flown,
On God's ever watchful care ;
Then humbly bow at his holy throne,
And offer the the evening prayer.

And while life shall last never cease to pray,
But look to the Source of power,
At the morning's dawn, and at noon of day,
And then at the evening hour :
And in every scene, whether good or ill,
That thou may's't be called to share,
Forget not to ask thy Creator still,
To hear and to answer prayer.

“WHY DO N'T HE COME?”

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE REPRESENTING A YOUNG LADY AT
THE WINDOW WATCHING FOR HER LOVER.

WHY do n't he come—why do n't he come?

Full many an hour hath fled,
And I alone have silent watched,
To listen to his tread,
While tardy moments pass along,
And yet he do n't appear,
Nor does the sound of footsteps break
Upon my watchful ear;
Nor do I see his noble form—
His voice to me is dumb—
That voice which told the tale of love—
Alas! why do n't he come?

Why do n't he come—why do n't he come ?

Why should he thus delay,

And break the promise which he made,

When last he went away ?

Has he forgot my faithful words—

The pledges which he gave—

Have they so soon been buried deep

Within oblivion's grave ?

Are his affections now so cold,

That they his heart benumb ?

It can't be so—it can't be so—

But yet—*why do n't he come ?*

THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

How changed the scene ! When I was young,
 With friends I sported, laughed, and sung,

And pleasure was my lot :
 All then was joy, devoid of care,
 And I was first among the fair ;

But now I am forgot.

My youthful days are past and gone,
 And age is sily creeping on,

With slow but steady pace :
 I feel its weight from day to day—
 Alas ! my hair is turning grey,
 And wrinkled is my face.

I have no joys at night or morn—
 The ladies now my person scorn,
 And spurn me from their door :
 Ah ! sad indeed to come to this—
 No pleasure now nor scenes of bliss
 Are left for me in store.

My days must all be spent alone,
For I am left to sigh and groan—
 No fond and loving wife,
To soothe my fast declining years,
To share my grief and calm my fears,
 Upon the sea of life.

When to the grave my body 's borne,
There will be none for me to mourn—
 To guard my sepulchre ;
But should some pass that lonely way,
They 'll view my stone and sneering say,
 “ There lies a BACHELOR.”

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE DEATH OF HER
MOTHER.

WEEP not for thy mother, who's gone to the tomb,
Though sorrow and sadness around thee are cast,
And the present may seem to be shrouded in gloom,
When turning thy thoughts to the scenes of the
past :

Still let not thy tears the deep anguish reveal,
That dwells in thy heart, and has caused thee to
mourn,
Though a breach has been made that time never can
heal,
And afflictions so grievous seem hard to be borne.

Weep not for thy mother—for tears are all vain—
They cannot recall the pure spirit that's gone,
Though the tenderest tie is now severed in twain,
That bound you together in union as one—

They cannot return the rich boon you enjoyed—

The friend that you mourn they can never restore ;
Oh, cease then to weep, though you see such a void,
And so heavy the loss you are called to deplore.

Weep not for thy mother—for her who has left

The sorrows of earth, for enjoyments above ;
Although thou art now of a parent bereft,
Who long had watched o'er thee in fondness and
love—

Though sad be the thought that no longer on earth,

Thy mother will meet with her children so dear ;
And ne'er again join you around the glad hearth,
And no more in the family circle appear.

Weep not for thy mother—she 's gone to her rest—

No sighing, nor sickness, nor troubles are there ;
But fruition of bliss, in the land of the blest—

In the mansions the Saviour hath gone to prepare.
Rejoice in the hope that you 'll meet her again—

If faithful to Him who hath promised reward—
And partake of the joys that forever remain,
Where all are now blest who have died in the
Lord.

“LET THERE BE LIGHT.”

And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.”

THE earth was wrapt in gloom profound,
And o’er the whole creation round,

Hung sable night,

Till HE, by whom all things were made,
Spake, as his glance the world surveyed,

“ Let there be light.”

Then darkness rolled in clouds away—
At once appeared the new-born day,

In splendor bright.

Ere long the sun his course began,
And moon, with all the heavenly van—

“ And there was light.”

From God had wandered all mankind,
And moral darkness veiled each mind,
In rayless night.

No aid could human skill devise—
Spake then Jehovah from the skies,
"Let there be light."

The Sun of Righteousness arose—
The SAVIOUR triumphed o'er his foes,
In glorious might !

The blessed Gospel's joyful sound
Echoed Judea's plains around—
"And there was light."

While journeying o'er life's darksome way,
I sought, but found no guiding ray—
'T was gloom and night.

Again I sought, and humbly prayed—
The Saviour heard, and sweetly said,
"Let there be light."

My sorrows fled—my fears were gone,
And Bethlehem's Star in beauty shone—
Unclouded—bright.

The love of God then filled my soul,
And Hope appeared to bear control—
"And there was light."

Christians ! extend a pitying eye,
To *heathen* lands, where millions lie,
 In pagan night.
Oh, send the sacred Word abroad,
Till savage men shall worship God—
 “ Let *there* be light.”
The Saviour’s banner is unfurled—
Then spread it o’er a fallen world,
 Till *all* unite,
To sing the great Redeemer’s name,
And Sovereign of the world proclaim,
 The God of LIGHT !

.

THE WIDOW'S SON RESTORED TO LIFE.

Luke vii. 11—17.

It was a scene of mourning. Slow and sad
The lone procession moved in sorrow on,
Bearing a youth, a mother's hope and stay,
Her only son she dearly, fondly loved.
Fast did the tears steal down her care-worn cheeks ;
With deepest sorrow too, her heart was filled,
For soon she thought the dark and silent grave
Would to its cold embrace receive her child ;
And she a lorn, afflicted widow left,
In the wide world alone, without a friend ;
For the kind partner of her younger years
Was sleeping in the tomb.

But there are times,
In our lone, gloomy pilgrimage on earth,
When stern misfortune seems to weigh us down,
When all behind, and all before is dark,
And scarce one glimmering ray of hope appears,—
That, even then, our path is lighted up,
And suddenly our sorrow's turned to joy.
The sable gloom that round us hung departs,
And smiling gladness sheds her cheering beams,
As shines the sun, the glorious lamp of space,
When angry storms and tempests cease to rage,
And darksome clouds disperse.

The mourning throng,
With measured tread, now sought the burial-place;
But on their way they met a pilgrim band,—
Jesus and his disciples.—And the Lord,
As he beheld the widow's tears, and heard
Her sighs, and knew the anguish of her heart,
Was moved with pity, and he said, "Weep not."
The bier, on which the dead was borne along,
He then approached, and laid thereon his hand:
The bearers, halting, stood in mute suspense,
And gazed on Jesus as he spake, "*Young man,*
I say to thee, arise !"

How changed the scene !
The Saviour's voice hath reached the ears of him
Who slept in Death's embrace,—and life returns !
He rises up and cheers them with his words,
And Jesus leads him to his mother's arms.
Then all her gloomy thoughts and feelings fled :
She wiped the falling tear away, and ceased
To mourn and weep, or only wept for joy.
The widow and her son, with all the throng,
Now turned, and glad their homeward way pursued,
With lightsome footsteps and with joyous hearts,
Praising the LORD whose power had raised the dead !

MUTABILITY.—A FRAGMENT.

CHANGE and decay are stamped on all below !

Naught can escape the wasting hand of time ;
And naught of earth survive Death's certain blow :

Man's proudest works, so gorgeous and sublime,
Which stand as monuments in every clime,
Must totter—fall—and crumble to decay,

While years depart and rolling planets chime :—
As perish flowers that bloom in Summer's day,
So all that 's beautiful on earth must fade away !

Unroll the records of the mouldering past—

Survey with wondering gaze the scenes of yore,
And one broad look o'er Earth's wide empire cast,

And view the stage of life—the fields of gore—
Heroes and kings, and sages versed in lore—
The great and good—ambitious and the brave ;

And all who 've dwelt on this terrestrial shore—
Where are they now—the tyrant and the slave ?—
Go ask the victor Death—go ask the boasting Grave !

SONG OF THE PEASANT GIRL.

I'D RATHER be a Peasant Girl, and in a cottage
 dwell,
Than in the crowded city live, and be its proudest
 belle ;
For better far I love to roam, amidst the rural
 fields,
Where Nature smiles on all around, and sweetest
 pleasure yields,
Than o'er a marble pavement walk, where all is
 noise and din,
Where lofty walls obscure the sun, nor let the
 zephyrs in—
The balmy zephyrs, soft and bland, which cool the
 sultry hours,
And waft upon their pinions light the fragrance of
 the flowers.

I'd rather be a Peasant Girl, and live where all
is glad,
Than be the gayest city miss, in royal splendor
clad ;
For neither pride, nor countless wealth, though all
for joy be spent,
Can fill the mind with happiness, and give that
sweet content,
Which those receive who dwell among the lovely
dales and hills—
Who listen to the song of birds, and music of the
rills ;
And gaze upon the silvery moon, and twinkling
orbs of night ;
And view the verdant landscape o'er, with every
prospect bright.

Oh, yes, I'd be a Peasant Girl, and have a rural
home,
Where flowers of Spring should early rise, and
Summer roses bloom :
I'd gather rich and golden fruits, when Autumn
crowns the year ;
And meet around the joyful hearth, when wintry
storms appear.

And thus my earthly days should pass, in happiness
and love,
Until my spirit wing its flight to brighter realms
above ;
Then mourning friends would lay me down, within
the peaceful grave,
And plant the weeping willow there, which o'er my
head should wave.

MUSIC.

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A BEAUTIFUL SINGER.

THERE is a charm in music's voice,
That wakes the feelings of the soul,
And kindly bids the heart rejoice,
And yield to rapture's sweet control.

When morning lights the orient sky,
And clouds disperse and leave it clear,
And scenes of beauty meet the eye—
Glad music's notes we love to hear.

When Sol has reached meridian height,
We rest from toil and care awhile,
As music's voices, deep and light,
The swiftly passing hours beguile.

And when the sun, at evening's hour,
Has sunk adown the purple west,
We feel the spell of music's power,
That lulls us calmly into rest.

When clouds of darkness gather round
Our pathway through this vale of tears,
Sweet music's soul-reviving sound
Dispels the gloom, and light appears.

We list with joy to music's strains,
When soft she pours the tones of love ;
And raise our thoughts to heavenly plains,
And antedate the bliss above.

Long, ROSA, may thy tuneful voice,
That falls so sweetly on the ear,
Bid many a trembling heart rejoice,
And dry the fount of sorrow's tear.

When here thy voice no more inspires
The blest Redeemer's pilgrim band,
Oh, may it join the angel choirs,
And echo through the spirit land.

TO MARY.

DEAR LADY, moved by thy desire,
Once more I tune my humble lyre,

A strain for thee to sing :

No gorgeous chaplet do I wreath,
Only a *wish* sincere I breathe—

Such is the boon I bring.

May friends be thine, whose friendship true
Will cheer life's darksome journey through,

And smooth its rugged path :

True friends indeed, that ne'er will frown,
Should stern misfortune bear thee down,

But faithful be till death.

May health be thine, and prosperous days—

May gladness smile in all thy ways,

And all thy ways be peace :

May you no grief nor sorrow share,

Nor days of darkness and despair,

As passing years increase.

May hope be thine—the Christian's hope—
For this will bear the spirit up,
And point beyond the sky :
And, as you sail o'er life's rough tide,
May Bethlehem's Star be your safe guide,
To scenes of bliss on high.

May Heaven be thine—be thine at last—
And when your earthly days are past,
There may you find a home ;
And bask in those bright realms of joy,
Where happiness, without alloy,
And pleasures ever bloom.

THE DRAMA OF LIFE

What is man's history? Born—living—dying—
 Leaving the still shore for the troubled wave;
 'Mid clouds and storms, o'er broken shipwrecks flying.
 And casting anchor in the silent grave.

I.

LIFE is a scene, from earliest dawn to age,
 In which mankind perform a varied part,
 While never-resting Time, on every page,
 Writes changes with a skill surpassing Art.
 In Infancy our young and tender heart
 Knows naught of that which future years declare,
 Of those misfortunes that so often thwart
 Man's brightest hopes and expectations fair;
 For in maternal arms we rest, all free from care.

II.

'T is joyous then—in Childhood's happy hour—
When no portentous clouds appear in sight ;
And o'er our path no angry tempests lower ;
But Life's resplendent sun shines fair and bright :
With friends we gather round the hearth at
 night :
A father's love, and mother's fond caress,
We then receive—and oft, with footsteps light,
We roam, when cares are few and sorrows less,
O'er flowery fields, while all is joy and happiness.

III.

But Childhood soon departs—Life's gladsome
 spring—
And Youth comes on, like Summer's opening
 day,
As rolling years, on Time's swift-moving wing,
With various changes fraught, speed fast away :
Then oft we meet the youthful and the gay,
And spend, 'mid scenes of mirth, a passing hour,
Nor think that earthly pleasures will decay,
As quickly fades the fairest vernal flower—
Nor think that friends must yield to Death's all
 conquering power !

IV.

Youth's evanescent scene soon disappears,
And Manhood's varying cares increasing come ;
Companions that we loved in early years,
And whom we often met with joy at home,
Now mouldering lie within the darkened tomb—
Parents, perchance, are numbered with the dead ;
And, as we view the past through present gloom,
The mind recoils to think of seasons fled ;
And youthful joys and hopes that have like meteors
 sped !

V.

Unwearied Time steals on with rapid pace,
And Old Age seizes fast the tottering frame,
And marks the silver locks and furrowed face,
Which, in their silent eloquence, proclaim
Death's near approach—that soon our humble
 name
Will be forgot, though years, three-score and ten,
Have rolled their courses round, since first we
 came
Upon Life's stage—a world of dying men !—
At length he comes, and dust returns to dust
 again !

VI.

How changeful life ! how brief our earthly span !
How soon we leave this world of care and woe !
But there's a heavenly voice that speaks to man,
While on his toilsome pilgrimage below,
That bids him turn to God, and wisdom know ;
And place his hopes beyond Time's dusky even,
That up, at last, his ransomed soul may go,
And in Elysian climes to him be given,
Eternal Life and Joy, immutable as Heaven !

THE SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

“Peace, be still.”

THE winds are fierce, the storm is loud,
The frightful waves roll swift and high ;
Above, a dark and threatening cloud,
Obscures the azure vaulted sky.

A bark is on the foaming deep,
And terror fills the seaman's breast ;
But Jesus now is wrapped in sleep,
For he hath laid him down to rest.

In vain they strive against the storm,
To guide the vessel safe to shore ;
Yet fearful of impending harm,
They now the Saviour's aid implore.

Then rising from his lowly bed,
The raging winds obey his will;
And o'er the sea a calm is spread,
At the blest mandate "Peace, be still."

Like seamen on the ocean's tide,
Bound to a far and foreign clime,
O'er Life's rough sea we swiftly glide,
And pass beyond the verge of time.

Though storms may rage and hearts be sad,
And hope give way to grief and fear;
Still this one thought should make us glad,
The Saviour, though he sleep, is near.

Should even the darkest tempest rise,
Presaging gloom, and threatening ill;
How soon 't will vanish from our skies,
When Jesus speaketh, "Peace, be still."

How sweet the comfort of that voice,
When to the humble soul 'tis given,
To bid the wavering heart rejoice,
And guide the pilgrim on to heaven.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME.

BEYOND the farthest verge of time,
 There is a joyous, heavenly clime,
 Where glories, rapturous and sublime,
 In varied grandeur rise :
 And there, amid those lovely lands,
 In peerless light, a building stands,
 A house of God, not made with hands,
 Eternal in the skies.

The glorious Sun of Righteousness,
 Sheds there his radiant beams to bless,
 While all the heavenly hosts confess
 The honors of their king :
 The angel throng—celestial choir—
 With sweetest voice and tuneful lyre,
 Chant the high praises of their Sire,
 And holy anthems sing.

Bright land of bliss ! where all is peace,
Where troubles, fears, and sorrows cease,
And happiness and joy increase,

To fill the raptured soul :

Thrice happy home !—for ever blest—
The weary pilgrim there shall rest,
And care ne'er vex his tranquil breast,
As endless ages roll.

Shall we—when all our days are past,
When Death shall come, like Autumn's blast,
And bear us to the grave at last,

From all we love below—

Be welcomed to that peaceful shore,
To rest from toil, our labors o'er,
And feel the pains of sin no more,
Where purest pleasures flow ?

Then let us like the tireless sun,
The Christian race with patience run,
Nor deem our work below is done,

Till life's last breath be given :

Up then we'll soar to that blest home,
Far from the reach of earthly gloom,
Beyond the portals of the tomb—

Eternal—and in heaven !

THE CONTRAST.

WRITTEN ON THE BURNING OF THE STEAMBOAT LEXINGTON,
ON LONG ISLAND SOUND, JANUARY 13, 1840.

THE sun had gone down, and the splendor of day,
In evening's dim twilight, was fading away ;
The stars in their beauty—those watchers on high,
Looked out on the world, from their home in the
sky.

The pale, crescent moon to the zenith had rode,
And gazing far down from her starry abode,
Diffused o'er the earth her soft silvery beams,
And beheld her fair form in the ice-fettered streams.

From orient climes, in his sombre-clad car,
Grim Darkness rode forth, like a foeman to war ;
And the last gleam of day, at his sullen behest,
Expiring, grew faint, till it died in the west.

The chill blasts of winter swept over the Sound,
And stirred its dark waves from their lowest
 profound ;

Commingling, they rolled to the ice-covered shore,
And lashed its rough rocks with impetuous roar.

The wailing of surges the troubled air fills,
As its echo resounds from the snow-crested hills ;
Though swift moves the flood, in its wild swelling
 tides,

Yet over its bosom the LEXINGTON rides.

Her pennons are waving in majesty proud—
She fears neither billow nor dark lowering cloud ;
Around her, without, all is cheerless and sad—
Within, all is pleasant, and joyful, and glad.

For there are assembled the young and the gay,
And though they are far from their kindred away,
Yet all are expecting with rapture to meet,
And again their companions—their loved ones to
 greet.

Some are dreaming, perchance, of Earth's honors
 and wealth,

Of a long blissful life, ever blooming with health ;
And scenes of enjoyment before them are spread,
In the flower-strown path they are hoping to tread.

The light and the buoyant of spirit are there,
And beauty beams forth in the face of the fair ;
No sorrows, foreboding, their pleasures annoy—
The day is at hand that will crown them with joy.

And there is the man in the midst of his years,
Before whom the future's bright vista appears,
While visions of happiness constantly rise,
With fairy enchantments, to ravish his eyes.

The father is there, who is far from the hearth,
Where his children are sporting in innocent mirth ;
His mind wanders back, for it grieved him to part
From his home and the group that are dear to his
heart.

And there is the mother, who clasps to her breast,
Her sweet smiling infant now taking its rest ;
As waves dash in fury, and winds shriek so wild,
She embraces the closer her slumbering child.

Thus the old and the young, and the gay and the
grave,
Have together embarked for a night on the wave—
Unconscious of danger they glide on their way,
As the vessel in triumph speeds swift through the
spray.

Hark !—what is that sound, they so suddenly
hear—

That maketh the stoutest to tremble with fear ?
'T is the loud pealing FIRE-CRY that bursts on the
air,
And rouses each heart in the home of despair !

They spring from their places—all rush to the
deck,
And vainly endeavor the wild flames to check :
As well might the whirlwind be stayed in its
course,
Or the avalanche robbed of its terrible force !

They spread in their fury—in grandeur they rise,
Till their light far above hath encrimsoned the
skies ;
While the foam of the dark rolling billows below—
Like Erebus' deep—wears the hue of their glow !

The shrieks of the dying come up from the waves—
The living look down on their cold watery graves ;
And the wail of despair that rolls out on the deep,
Bids the hosts of the sea-monsters wake from their
sleep !

Where, where is that throng, so exultant and gay,
Who had banished all fear of the future away?
Oh, where are the lovely in youth's glowing pride?
Ah! Beauty then wept as they sank in the tide!

Where now are the joyous, in manhood's firm
health?

And where the bright visions of honor and wealth?
Go ask of the billows—go question the flames,
And read there, recorded, their perishing names!

Where, where is that father, who thought of his
home—

The spot where he loved in his boyhood to roam;
Who yearned the beloved of his bosom to meet,
And affection's dear pledges with pleasure to greet?

Oh, where is that mother, whose tenderest care
Encircled her sweet little cherub so fair?

Where, that innocent babe that reposed on her
breast?—

They slumber together—disturb not their rest!

I turn me away from the heart-rending sight—
From the saddening scenes of that horrible night!
Let the gathering gloom of Oblivion's pall,
O'er the wreck of the ill-fated Lexington fall!

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

How oft in childhood's joyful hours,
 When life was free from pain,
We gathered Spring's delightful flowers,
 Bright blooming on the plain ;
And went to school with nimble tread,
 'Neath Summer's morning sky,
And hastened home when day had fled,
 And eve was drawing nigh.

When Autumn's fruits of golden hue,
 The bounteous year had crowned,
We roamed the fragrant orchards through,
 Where plenty smiled around :
And oft we joined companions gay,
 In scenes of cheerful mirth ;
And when bleak winter held his sway,
 Met parents round the hearth.

Then gladness smiled in all our ways,
No sorrows pained our breast ;
In childish sports we spent our days—
Our nights, in peaceful rest.
We thought the world in which we dwell,
Was all a paradise ;
For naught had broke the magic spell—
We saw no clouds arise.

Those times are gone—a change appears—
Our youthful joys have fled ;
And friends we knew in early years,
Are numbered with the dead :
And we no more those loved ones see—
No more together roam ;
To us a parting came—and we
Are far from childhood's home.

Oh, sweet were those enchanting hours,
When life was young and gay ;
But ah ! like Summer's fairest flowers,
They all have passed away !
When evening spreads her gloomy pall,
And Boreas pours his blast,
How oft with pleasure we recall
The memory of the past !

But high above this changing world,
Beyond its darkest scene,
Undying glories are unfurled,
In fields of fadeless green :
No parting sad, no sullen blight,
Of pain and death no fear,
No gathering storm, nor cheerless night
Shall in that realm appear.

How joyous they who shall at last,
Those heavenly blessings share ;
For sorrow's cloud shall never cast
Its darksome shadows there :
There may we meet, among the blest,
When free from death's control,
And with seraphic spirits rest,
While ceaseless periods roll !

ON THE DEATH OF JOSIAH McWHINNIE.³

WAKE, my harp, in mournful numbers,
 Sound a requiem o'er the tomb,
 Where the loved in silence slumbers,
 Snatched away in early bloom—
 Torn from those who gathered round him,
 Oft his heavenly words to hear ;
 Ah, the cruel grave hath found him,
 Death has closed his bright career.

Wake, my harp, in tones of sadness,
 Chant the soft and plaintive strain,
 For our recent joy and gladness,
 Now are turned to bitter pain ;
 Gushing tears are fast descending
 From the mourner's weeping eye,
 Sorrowing hearts together blending,
 Deeply draw the heaving sigh.

While we pour our lamentation,
And our saddened tribute give,
We have still the consolation,
That his deeds of kindness live :
Yes, he met his class with pleasure,
In the Sabbath school so dear ;
Taught them from the Bible's treasure
Of a holy, happy sphere.

Oft he cheered the place of sorrow,
Gave the heart a sweet relief,
Bade it see a bright to-morrow,
Though enwrap't in care and grief—
Calmed the wavering mind enshrouded
Oft in darkness, doubts and fears,
Pointing to a realm unclouded,
Where eternal day appears.

Yes, he went where mortals languish,
On the bed of sickness lain—
Soothed the sufferers' bitter anguish,
Sympathizing in their pain ;
Oft he sought the humble dwelling,
And bestowed his favors there,
While of Jesus gladly telling,
Or was bowed in fervent prayer.

But he 's gone !—and from its cluster,
Suddenly a star hath fled,
Whose fair beams of heavenly lustre,
Far around an influence shed ;
Faded by the Spoiler's finger,
Lo, it hath for ever flown,
Yet remembrance long shall linger,
Where its rays have brightly shone.

Though our eyes are dim with weeping,
And our hearts are filled with gloom,
As we mourn for him who 's sleeping
Silent in the tranquil tomb ;
Still there 's joy amid our grieving,
And it soothes affliction's rod—
Heavenly bliss he 's now receiving,
In the presence of his God.

Ay, our dearest friend hath left us,
Gone from those he loved below ;
Yet our Father who bereft us,
Can a healing balm bestow :
Saviour, grant us resignation,
Bid our sorrows from us flee ;
Let this mournful dispensation
Humbly lead us unto thee.

AUTUMN MUSINGS.

“The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year.”

THE gladsome days of summer fair have swiftly
 passed away,
 And nature, once in gorgeous robes, assumes a dull
 decay ;
 Autumnal breezes, cold and sad, with mournful
 wail sweep by,
 And bear upon their gloomy wings the flowers'
 expiring sigh.

Oh, yes, the bright and lovely flowers, by gentle
 zephyrs fanned,
 And nurtured in our gardens by sweet Flora's
 plastic hand,
 Have quickly faded from our sight, and vanished
 like a spell,
 And hollow winds, with cheerless sound, their
 passing requiem tell.

The smiling fields, the meadows green, and forest's
towering head,
So late in all their loveliness, before our vision
spread,
Now wear a robe of deadly hue, of verdant beauties
shorn,
And from its stem descends the leaf, by frosty
fingers torn.

The happy songsters of the air have winged a
southern flight,
Where still the golden orb of day diffuses genial
light,
No more we see their playful sport among the
forest trees—
No more to us their music sweet is wafted by the
breeze.

Thus change is stamped on all below the bright,
o'er-arching sky—
The loveliest things we gaze upon must wither
droop and die ;
As fades and falls the Autumn leaf, as droops the
Summer flower,
So those we love are torn away by Death's
unpitying power.

As we the vistas of the past, in memory's glass
survey,

And call to mind the by-gone scenes of childhood's
early day,

Of those with whom we mingled then how few,
alas, remain;

How oft, to bear them to the grave, we 've joined
the funeral train !

We start in youth, with buoyant hopes, to tread
the path of life,

Unconscious that its varied scenes are fraught with
care and strife ;

Unconscious that our brightest skies may soon be
spread with gloom—

Forgetful that our flowery road is leading to the
tomb !

Thus on we pass, but quickly find that life's
revolving years

Are few and brief while here we stay in this low
vale of tears—

That earthly hopes are fickle as the zephyr's
fleeting breath—

We see them fall and wither at the blighting touch
of death.

And then we turn our saddened minds to brighter
 scenes above,
Receive a boon that ne'er shall fail—a hope in
 Jesus' love ;
That glorious hope revives the soul, it shows the
 way to heaven,
And is the Christian's polar star, while here by
 tempests driven.

Though oft below we part with friends and leave
 our homes behind,
And journey through life's chequered scenes, of
 good or evil kind ;
Yet this unfading hope remains, “ an anchor of the
 soul ;”
It bears us up in hours of gloom, and points us to
 the goal.

Oh ! there 's a home of endless joy, beyond the
 rayless tomb,
Where lovely flowers that *never die*, in heavenly
 gardens bloom ;
And angel fingers gather them, as o'er those fields
 they tread,
And weave a fadeless coronal to deck the pilgrim's
 head.

In that celestial world of bliss, no sorrow e'er
appears,

For God shall call his children there, and wipe
away their tears ;

And Christian friends at last shall meet, to part no
more for aye,

But join to sing the SAVIOUR'S praise, in everlasting
day.

INVITATION.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I
give you rest.—MATT. XI. 28.

PILGRIM! hast thou far departed,
From the Saviour's peaceful arms?
Dost thou wander, fickle-hearted,
'Mid the world's alluring charms,
Cherishing its fleeting pleasures,
More than joys of Jesus' love—
Mindless of the heavenly treasures,
Which he bade thee place above?

Harken to the Saviour speaking,
Lend once more a listening ear,
And with humble, fervent seeking,
Bow to Him with holy fear:
Soon you 'll find that earth is dreary,
All its hopes are vain at best;
Come to Jesus, where the weary
Find secure and tranquil rest.

Ye, whose aged feet are tending
 To the borders of the tomb,
Where your dust will soon be blending
 With the darkness of its gloom—
Come, although so long delaying
 Every offer to be blest,
For the Saviour still is saying,
 Come, and I will give you rest.

Ye, the path of wealth pursuing,
 In the midst of bustling life ;
And bright years of joy are viewing,
 Through the scenes of present strife—
Pause, and let your thoughts be turning
 To the riches Christ bestows—
Ere life's lamp shall cease its burning,
 Fly to Him and find repose.

Ye, who bask in life's bright morning,
 And are hoping still for bliss,
Listen to a friendly warning—
 There 's a better world than this ;
Purer joys than earth is giving,
 Flow from God's eternal truth—
Seek the fount of waters living,
 In the sunny days of youth.

Voyager on life's troubled ocean !
 Would ye find a port of rest ?
Turn away from earth's commotion,
 Come to Jesus and be blest ;
Then, at last, on seraph's pinions,
 Thou shalt rise to heaven above,
And for aye, in its dominions,
 Sing redeeming grace and love !

“THERE THE WEARY ARE AT REST.”

THE world is full of sorrow, toil and woe ;
 And disappointment is the lot of men ;
 Our prospects now are bright, then dark again :
 And thus we pass our pilgrimage below.
 Now health and vigor shed their gladdening glow
 Along life's cheerful pathway, calm and bright,
 While friends we love their kind regards bestow :
 Now gloomy sickness, with its touch of blight,
 Beclouds our skies, and turns the day to night ;
 Perchance the ties of friendship too are riven,
 And the kind hands we once with pleasure prest,
 Are now withdrawn and unto others given ;
 But 't is not thus amid the scenes of heaven ;
 Though earthly joys are fickle at the best,
 Yet *there* no sadness fills the peaceful breast—
 The pilgrim finds a home—the weary are at rest.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF EDWARD DWIGHT IVES, AGED ONE YEAR.
 AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO HIS PARENTS,
 MRS. JULIA ANN AND REV. D. IVES.

FATHER ! though the bud we cherished,
 Thou hast caused to droop and die ;
 Though fond hopes have quickly perished,
 Yet we raise no mumuring sigh.

Edward ! peaceful are thy slumbers,
 Not upon thy cradle-bed,
 But amidst the silent numbers,
 In the dwelling of the dead.

Lovely babe, though not reclining
 On thy mother's bosom now ;
 Yet glad seraphs are entwining
 Fadeless garlands round thy brow.

Then from heaven we would not call thee,
Though possessed of sweetest charms;
Since no sorrows can befall thee,
Resting in the Saviour's arms.

He who gave this opening flower,
Far too bright for earth's dark gloom,
Up hath borne it to His bower,
Where it shall immortal bloom.

SOCIAL PRAYER.

WE 'VE met again—a little band—
'T is by thy goodness, Lord, we own ;
And now unite us heart and hand,
To humbly supplicate thy throne.

Since we have come in Jesus' name,
Low would we fall before his feet,
And there the blessed promise claim,
That he with us will deign to meet.

Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
To bring thy blessing from above ;
Remove our guilty stains away,
And fill our souls with holy love.

Oh, let thy gentle Spirit's power
Upon our every heart descend ;
And bid us feel, this sacred hour,
A heavenly joy that ne'er shall end.

INVOCATION.

SUNG, WITH THE TWO FOLLOWING PIECES, AT A TEMPERANCE
AND SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION, IN SUFFIELD, CT.
JULY 4TH, 1841.

God! All-glorious, Great, Eternal—
Robed in Majesty and Light,
Seated on thy Throne supernal,
'Midst adoring spirits bright,
Gladly crowning
Thee with Honor, Praise and Might :

Humbly at thy footstool bending,
Here we come with solemn vow—
Let thy smiles, from heaven descending,
Sweetly rest upon us now,
While before thee,
Lord, with grateful hearts, we bow.

TEMPERANCE ODE.

WHEN over our land hung oppression's dark pall
 And clouds of the battle rose thick to the sky,
 Our fathers united their fortunes—their all—
 To purchase their freedom, maintain it, or die !

The contest was fierce, but they conquered in fight,
 And Liberty's banner, in splendor unfurled,
 Waved high in the heavens, all radiant with light,
 Beheld and admired by a wondering world.

As years rolled away, undisturbed by their foes,
 They prospered in peace, with the blessing of God ;
 But soon a dread Tyrant in terror uprose—
 The monster, INTEMPERANCE, was stalking abroad.

Like blasts from the desert, his poisonous breath
 Swept over the land, in its blight and its gloom,
 Diffusing the seeds of deep sorrow and death,
 While thousands went down in disgrace to the
 tomb.

The Tyrant, insatiate, still sped on his way,
Resistless in might, like the waves of the sea ;
Triumphantly hurling our hopes to decay,
And grasping the fruit of fair Liberty's Tree.

Some friends of their country the ruin beheld,
The danger foresaw that was spreading so wide ;
Declared that the Tyrant must soon be repelled,
Or Freedom's domain would be whelmed in his
tide.

The standard of Temperance those patriots reared,
Around it soon gathered the good and the wise ;
But now, as by magic, new hosts have appeared—
The DRUNKARD is bearing it up to the skies.

To-day, in the Temperance cause we rejoice,
May God speed it on through the land of the
brave ;
To-day, do we pledge, with our heart and our voice
That its banner, with Freedom's, in triumph
shall wave !

CHILDREN'S HYMN.

FATHER! from thy throne above,
Smile upon us in thy love ;
Happy children of the free,
Grateful songs would raise to thee.

Thanks for this, our peaceful land,
Where the favors of thy hand,
Thou hast scattered far and wide,
Spreading joy on every side.

Thanks for Learning's gladsome rays,
Beaming on our youthful days ;
And for Teachers, good and kind,
To instruct each tender mind.

For the Sabbath day we raise
Cheerful gratitude and praise ;
Welcomed by the pealing bells,
Of unchanging love it tells.

Thanks for Sunday Schools so dear,
Where we 're taught thy word and fear,
From that Holy Book of thine,
Filled with precious truths divine.

Saviour ! 'mid all earthly strife,
Through the cares and ills of life,
May the precepts thou hast given,
Guide us in the path to heaven.

TO A TRACT.

Go, messenger of truth,
 Enter the halls of gayety and pleasure,
 And tell the vain and thoughtless youth,
 The fickleness of every earthly treasure ;
 Tell him of never-fading joy,
 Of everlasting happiness in heaven ;
 And win him from the world's alloy,
 To share the Saviour's love, so freely given.

Go to the worldling's home,
 Whose varying thoughts to earthly good are turning,
 Bid him without delay to come
 To Jesus, while life's flickering lamp is burning ;
 Tell him that gathered riches soon
 May fly away upon their spreading pinions—
 Direct him to a better boon,
 Worth more than monarch's crowns or wide
 dominions.

Go where the student toils,
Who o'er the works of ages past is bending,
And ne'er before his task recoils,
But treads ambition's path to glory tending ;
Tell him of wisdom from above,
Whose peaceful ways lead up to joys supernal ;
Bid him proclaim redeeming love,
And ere long gain a diadem eternal.

Go to the drunkard's cot,
And soothe the wife, cast down with bitter feeling,
And tell her still—despairing not—
To seek for aid at Heaven's kind altar kneeling.
The sinful, wayward man reclaim,
And raise him from his loathsome degradation ;
Bid him believe on Jesus' name,
And shun, at last, a fearful condemnation.

Go, when the sailor goes,
Upon the billows of the stormy ocean,
Where oft the fierce wind rudely blows,
And drives the restless ship in wild commotion :
Approach the open-hearted tar,
And though at first he treat thee with derision,
Yet turn his eye to Bethlehem's Star,
For guidance to the port of bliss Elysian.

Go on, and laud among
The pagan tribes, in darkest night enshrouded ;
And then, clothed in their native tongue,
Dispel the mists by which their minds are clouded :
Tell how the blest Redeemer died,
And while such glad instruction thou art giving,
Bid them their idols cast aside,
And worship God, the only true and living.

T O S. E. L.

Writer of several articles in the *Christian Secretary*, among which are "Spring," "Summer," "Autumn," "Winter," "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve," "Ministering Spirits," &c.

FAIR ONE, cease not thy magic pen to ply,
 For surely thou dost write with pleasing power ;
 And oft as on thy musings falls mine eye,
 It resteth on a gem, a lovely flower,
 Whose fragrance is refreshing to the weary mind,
 Whose beauty vies with lillies of the field,
 Whose tints to fade away are ne'er inclined,
 For through *all seasons* pleasure still they yield.
 Write on, young pilgrim in the path of truth,
 Thy words shall bid the Christian heart rejoice ;
 And they perhaps may cause some thoughtless youth
 To turn from sin and make a heavenly *choice* :
 And thus thou 'lt be a "*ministering spirit*" here,
 The almoner of joy to troubled souls,
 And wear, when thou at last in heaven appear,
 A fadeless garland wreathed with golden folds.

FRIENDSHIP.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.—HORACE.

How beautiful the flowers,
That sweetly blossom in the verdant field,
And fill the air with fragrance which they yield,
During the summer hours.

But when cold Autumn's blast
Sweeps o'er the hills and dales with mournful sound,
The withered floweret falls upon the ground,
And its brief life is past.

We bask in Friendship's smile,
And chaste affection glows with gladdening light,
As life's extending path is often bright,
And beautiful the while.

But if misfortune's wave
Should flood our path and change the pleasing
scene—

Disturb the sea of life, so late serene,
Friendship may find a grave.

Thus earthly joys decay,
All fickle as the fleeting breath of morn—
The darkest night, the tempest's fearful scorn
Succeed the fairest day.

There is a little vine,
That humbly trails along the forest glade,
Whose verdant hues and beauties never fade,
Nor cease for once to shine.

It lives in Spring's glad hour,
And is the same 'neath Summer's sunny skies—
Cold Autumn's frosty fingers it defies,
Nor yields to Winter's power.

Such is the quenchless love,
The pure affection of that lasting Friend,
Whose smile imparts a joy that ne'er shall end—
A boon from Heaven above.

Whatever be our lot,
Sickness or health, or trial's darkest hour—
If friends forsake, and tempests o'er us lower,
That Friend forsaketh not.

In Him be all our trust,
As pilgrims through this sinful world we go—
His love shall be a balm for every woe,
Till dust returns to dust.

STANZAS.

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JULIAETTE A. VIETS, OF
EAST GRANBY, CONN. .

There is a path, by angels only trod,
That upward leads, with flowers immortal strown,
And opening on the fields of Paradise.
Thither we trace your steps.

A. S. LOVELL.

ALAS, the young, the beautiful, the loveliest here
below,
Are often soonest made to feel the pangs of earthly
woe ;
The purest and the holiest, from whom we grieve
part,
Are oftentimes the first to fall by Death's unerring
dart.

And such wast thou, sweet gentle one, whose
 requiem I sing,
Fair as the choicest garden flower, that ever
 bloomed in Spring ;
But as the blossom fades and dies, rent by the
 storm's cold breath,
So, from the friends that round thee elung, thou
 hast been torn by Death.

Parents who watched with anxious care thy young
 and tender years,
Are soon in sadness made to mourn, and o'er thee
 drop their tears :
A sister kind, whose joyful love was often blent
 with thine,
No more beholds thy radiant smile along life's
 pathway shine.

But he who prized thee most of all, who shared
 thy deepest love,
Is early called to let thee go and join the blest
 above :
How was his heart with anguish filled, how dark
 the gathering gloom,
To see thy form by sickness waste—to lay thee in
 the tomb !

As on the fearful, stormy cloud appears the rainbow
 bright,
So oft amid life's darkest hours, there gleams a
 ray of light ;
It comes from Bethlehem's peerless Star, and
 whispers hope and peace,
As on the saddened heart it falls, and bids its
 sorrows cease.

Thus friends of this departed one are solaced in
 their woes,
Believing that her spirit freed has found a sweet
 repose ;
For she, with penitential tears, had sought the path
 of truth,
And early to her Saviour given the lovely charms
 of youth.

Celestial comforts flowing from Religion's hallowed
 power,
Amidst the scenes of changeful life—in Sickness'
 trying hour,
Gave her a calm and heavenly joy, which language
 fails to tell,
And bade her happy spirit rise when Death's dark
 curtains fell.

She died, as humble Christians die, with Jesus'
 presence blest,
Sustained by an unfading hope of everlasting
 rest :
She wished her child might live for heaven, if God
 its life should spare,
And that her pious partner more the Saviour's love
 might share.

But scarce a month had passed away since first
 it drew its breath,
Ere that sweet bud—her lovely child—was plucked
 by tyrant Death ;
And as it fell an angel caught the floweret robed
 with charms,
And quickly bore it upward to its mother's opening
 arms.

Afflicted mourner, cease to weep, although thou
 art bereft,
And in this false and fading world a lonely pilgrim
 left ;
For He, whose hand hath borne away the partner
 of thy choice,
Can calm the troubles of the mind and bid the
 heart rejoice.

Then raise aloft thine eye to Him, and He shall
dry thy tears,

And scatter blessings in thy path through life's
remaining years :

Although the most endearing ties have been so
quickly riven,

Yet she hath left a world of woe, for scenes of
bliss in heaven.

Remember thou her dying words—those counsels
ne'er forget,

And thou shalt meet that sainted one—thy lovely
JULIAETTE ;

And in thine arms again embrace thy little cherub
boy,

Where death and sorrow ne'er are known—where
all is life and joy !

E L O Q U E N C E .

FAR back among the storied days gone by,
 When gods descended from Olympus high,
 And, with the humble dwellers on the earth,
 Engaged in councils grave, and scenes of mirth,
 There once arose a fierce, contentious strife,
 That waked the warring elements of life.
 Nothing could bid the fearful tumult cease,
 And hush wild passion's raging storm to peace,
 Till HERMES' voice above the tempest rung—
 Then silence came and sat the crowd among :
 CALLIOPE arose, with sweetest song,
 Joined in the tide of speech that flowed along,
 Touched every spirit with a joyous thrill—
 The raging throng was hushed—was calm, and still.
 'T was then young Eloquence controlled the hour,
 And each succeeding age has felt his growing power.

When Ignorance has veiled the human mind,
And ruled its votaries, with error blind ;
When Superstition's unrelenting hand
Has swayed its sceptre o'er some fated land—
Then Eloquence, resistless in its power,
Has made these cruel tyrants lowly cower ;
And bade deluded men awake, arise,
And know their destiny beyond the skies.
When Science' light, but dimly through the dark,
Hath sent abroad a faintly glimmering spark,
And scarce a spot was found its rays to claim,
The breath of Eloquence has fanned its kindling
flame.

When Liberty and Right are trampled down,
And crushed to earth beneath a tyrant's frown—
When man, by fellow-man, midst toil and pain,
Is made to drag the bondman's galling chain—
When, o'er the dwellers in a peaceful land,
A foreign monarch claims supreme command—
'T is thine, O Eloquence, to plead the cause
Of Truth and Freedom, 'gainst unholy laws—
'Tis thine to speak for victims held in thrall,
And at the feet of mightier made to fall—
The poor oppressed to rouse with stirring breath,

And nerve the heart for "*Liberty or Death!*"
Such was thy power when HENRY moved the throng,
With lightning in his eye, and thunder on his tongue!

A holier sphere for Eloquence we find,
Wherein its noblest powers may bless mankind :
When pure Religion is its pleasing choice,
How deep its tones, how sweet its winning voice !
Robed with the radiance of celestial light,
Bearing the armor of the Spirit's might,
It falls resistless on the human soul,
And bids it humbly bow to Heaven's control.
It spreads o'er troubled minds a peaceful calm,
And shows for mental ills a healing balm.
Descending soft like Hermon's gentle dew,
It fills the heart with pleasures strangely new—
Paints the rapt glories of the world above,
Where flow the crystal streams of everlasting love.

O Eloquence ! impart celestial fire,
And bid thy glowing words the soul inspire ;
Oft let thy brightest beams the feelings warm,
And kindle into life the languid form ;
Rest on the brow, and guide the waving hand,
While chosen numbers flow at thy command :

Let notes as mild as gentlest music break,
And deeper tones in thrilling sounds awake—
Let the smooth cadence fall upon the ear,
Soft as the whisper of an angel near—
As lightning flashes through the sombre sky,
So let thy radiance touch the beaming eye—
As thunders roll the arching heavens around,
So let thy voice in loudest peals resound—
As swollen torrents with impetuous force,
Sweep all impediments within their course,
So wield thy strength—thy magic power display,
And o'er the mind thy conquering sceptre sway,
Till Ignorance shall sink in gloomy night,
Before the dawn of Learning's hallowed light—
Till Tyranny shall find a rayless grave,
And Freedom's Banner o'er the nations wave—
Till from the world Idolatry depart,
And glorious Truth divine illumine every heart!

TO MY MOTHER.

MOTHER!—how dear that word!
Its faintest echo thrills my very heart—
As if it were an angel's voice I heard,
Unconsciously I start.

A thousand pleasing things
It bids, at once, before my vision rise;
And back to mind in all its freshness brings
An earthly paradise.

My mother and my home
Are hallowed terms that blend in union sweet;
And though away from both I often roam,
Yet glad return my feet.

I joy to view the place,
Blest by a cherished parent's tenderest care,
While memory loves each early scene to trace,
And fondly linger there.

Mother! 't is evening now,
And I am far from childhood's place of glee;
But as my hand supports my aching brow,
My thoughts go forth to thee.

I think of those glad days,
When I was 'neath thy care, a playful child,
And thou didst watch my little sports and ways,
And on me sweetly smiled.

Oft, at the evening hour,
Thou kindly bad'st me to thy side repair,
To tell me of the great Creator's power,
And learn me some sweet prayer.

Those lessons taught by thee,
Were not forgotten then, nor are they yet—
Way-marks they 've been, in evil hours, to me,
To shun temptation's net.

And through life's gathering cares,
My heart with gratitude shall e'er rejoice,
That Heaven hath blest me with a mother's prayers,
A mother's warning voice.

Most bitterly I mourn,
That I should e'er have caused thee once to grieve,
Or thy fond heart with anguish to have torn—
My penitence receive.

I know thou lov'st me still,
And oft in my behalf dost humbly pray,
That Heaven may shield me from each threat'ning ill,
And crown with joy my way.

May blessings on thee rest,
Mother, till life's fast waning day be o'er;
Then may we join the ransomed and the blest,
Where parting is no more.

"THE BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR."

STAR of unfading light,
Thy peerless glories bright,
I fain would sing:
Oh, let thy beams inspire
My soul with sacred fire,
And of my trembling lyre
Touch every string.

How dark the night of time,
When first thy rays sublime,
Celestial gem,
Descending from on high,
Illumed the sombre sky,
And met the Shepherds' eye,
In Bethlehem!

Ere toward the infant God,
With hasty steps they trod,
 An angel's voice,
In new and rapturous song,
Joined by a heavenly throng,
The anthem to prolong,
 Bade them rejoice.

Though lowly was thy birth,
Among the sons of earth,
 Resplendent Star !
Yet, with the victor's prize,
Triumphant thou didst rise,
And highest in the skies,
 Thy glories are.

Enraptured at the sight,
The prophets saw thy light,
 And blessed thy name :
Thy praise filled many a tongue,
The Gentile race among—
Thy love the martyrs sung
 Amidst the flame.

To thousands here below,
'Mid scenes of care and woe,
 Thou art a guide,
Imparting light and peace,
Bidding their joys increase,
And fearful tempests cease,
 On Life's dark tide.

And thousands yet shall find,
That thou canst calm the mind,
 And set it free,
When filled with boding fears,
When flow the gushing tears,
When aid nowhere appears,
 Except from thee.

Ambition's star will set,
And friends may all forget—
 Earth's hopes decay—
The star of wealth may wane,
And pleasure yield to pain;
But thou shalt still remain,
 To bless for aye.

When perisheth the sun,
And planets cease to run,
 Leaving the sky—
When God's consuming ire
Shall wrap the world in fire,
And Time itself expire,
 Thou shalt not die!

In higher heavens above,
Where all is peace and love,
 Thy radiance fair,
Beaming from pole to pole,
Shall feast the ransomed soul,
While countless ages roll,
 Eternal there.

Let now thy rays divine,
On every nation shine,
 Through earth abroad;
Till all thy light shall see,
Till all from chains be free,
Till all shall bow the knee,
 And worship God.

Star of celestial ray,
Beam thou upon *my* way,
 With guiding light :
In trial's gloomiest hour—
When sickness comes with power,
When death's dark curtains lower,
 Dispel their night.

Then thee shall I behold,
On Canaan's streets of gold—
 From earth afar—
Where night-shades never fall,
Where death shall ne'er appall,
Where thou art ALL in ALL,
 BRIGHT MORNING STAR !

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.⁴

THE SISTERS OF CHARITY!—delicate theme,
 For the pen of the rhymers to try;
 But do not, dear reader, imagine I dream,
 As falls on these verses thine eye.

Not now the exploits of the lofty I sing,
 To honor their name in these lays;
 At a lovelier shrine my glad tribute I bring,
 And there kindly offer my praise.

The warrior may fight for the land of his birth,
 And glory encircle his name;
 His deeds may be known through the regions of
 earth,
 And blaze on the tablet of fame—

The statesman may strive in the halls of debate,
 To gather immortal renown;
 He may win the first place in the gift of the state,
 Or wear on his temples a crown—

The poet may chant his melodious song,
In numbers that never shall die;
And the burst of applause from the flattering throng,
May bear him with rapture on high—

The proud sons of Cræsus, in Wealth's gilded car,
O'er life's golden pavements may fly;
And glitter in light like a wandering star,
That darts through the gloom of the sky—

All these may exult in the sphere of their choice,
As onward and upward they go ;
And still their bold schemes may cause *none* to
rejoice,
But *many* deep sorrow to know.

'Tis not the fierce flood and the wild tempest's power,
That gladden the earth by their might;
'Tis the sweet flowing stream and the soft summer
shower,
That spread in their pathway delight.

Though your kindness and alms the wide world
may not know—
Ye friends of the poor and the sad—
Yet from many a heart they shall banish its woe,
And bid it look up and be glad.

Though not in bright splendor, on Fame's blazing
scroll,

Your charity-deeds may be found;
Yet they are recorded—engraved on the soul—
To last through Eternity's round !

Go on, then, rejoicing earth's lorn ones to bless—
The destitute orphan to aid—
To comfort the widow, in want and distress—
And ye shall at last be repaid.

Oh, long may the Sisters of Charity live,
Their tokens of love to impart;
And to each may kind Heaven a recompense give—
A boon that shall gladden the heart !

HYMN.

SUNG AT A SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION, IN NORWICH, CONN.
MAY 10, 1842.

GRATEFULLY our hearts are rising,
Moved by such unbounded grace,
As the Saviour's love surprising,
On the Bible's leaves we trace.

Precious Book, we love thy pages,
Opening to the tender mind,
Glorious truths, that heathen sages,
In their wisdom ne'er could find.

Teachers, from this heavenly treasure,
Words of life to us impart,
When, in Sunday Schools with pleasure,
Oft we meet with joyful heart.

Saviour, let thy love attend us—
Be thy truth our constant guide:
Till we die, from ill defend us,
Then receive us to thy side.

A DEATH SCENE.

WRITTEN ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. EMILY HAZARD, OF
SUFFIELD, CONN. AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
TO HER FATHER, PARKES LOOMIS, ESQ.

TREAD lightly now for Death has come to bear
Away another victim!

Has he sought
An aged pilgrim, tired of the world,
Impatient to depart and join the hosts,
Robed in the spotless purity of heaven?
Say, has he fixed his wild, unpitying eye
Upon an infant in its sinless days,
Unconscious of his desolating power?—
Comes he to liberate a joyless slave,
Or loose a prisoner from his dungeon-cell?—
Seeks he the wasting, restless invalid,
Waiting his call at each declining sun,
While lengthened years have passed?

No!—not for these
The stern, relentless conqueror hath come!
Nor sad Deformity's lorn child to take,
Nor Penury's.—"*Death loves a shining mark!*"
'Tis Beauty's own—'tis loveliness itself,
And radiant youth, merged in blest womanhood—
'Tis her he seeks—beloved and linked to friends,
And kindred, by all the endearing ties
That give to home its sacredness and joy,
And crown with cheerful bliss the cherished things
That cluster round the sweet and hallowed scenes
Of social and domestic life. He comes
To take the youthful mother from her babes—
The tender wife from her kind, bosom friend—
The daughter from her doting parents' love—
The sister from her sisters' cheering smiles,
And brother's fond affection.

Cruel Death!

Remorseless spoiler of all human hopes,
And potent ruler of an awe-struck world!
How oft he comes to such, a dreaded guest,
And finds them unprepared to meet his power,
Or hear his summons! Doth the victim fair,
For whom the proud, insatiate tyrant waits,
Not fear his awful presence?

No!—her trust
Is in the Conqueror of death and hell!
And both combined are powerless to move
The glorious anchor of her heavenly hope!
She had beheld the vanity of earth—
The fickleness of all its flattering scenes—
And, listing to the Spirit's winning voice,
She gave her being to the Saviour's care;
And Hope, descending from the courts above,
Smiled on her snowy brow, while heavenly joy
Filled with delight her ravished soul. And when
She gladly to the world would show her fond
Attachment to the holy cause of truth,
And the Redeemer's rites obey—when from
The crystal wave she rose, with countenance,
Lighted, as by a ray from heaven, and with
Her own sweet smile—"methought that spotless brow
Might wear an angel's diadem!" And through
Her brief but joyful course, an unreserved
Obedience to her blessed Master's will
Hath been her highest joy: and brightening hope
Sustains her calm, unshaken spirit, while
Upon the crumbling verge of death she stands—
But see, around the bedside now her friends
Have gathered to receive her farewell words.
Listen!—she speaks:

Father, for me weep not—
Though Death may part the dearest earthly ties,
Yet soon we 'll meet again beyond the skies—
Oh, is not mine a happy lot?

Mother, dry up your tears—
'T is hard, I know, to part with those we love ;
But Jesus, smiling from the realms above,
E'en in death's vale, dispels my fears.

Brother, give me thine hand—
Oh, 't is a dying sister's fervent prayer,
That you the Saviour's love richly may share,
And meet me in the better land.

Sisters, come to my side—
Let not those tears your anguish deep reveal ;
Christ has a balm for woe—that balm I feel—
Farewell—be Heaven your constant guide.

Children—sweet babes of mine—
I leave you in the blest Redeemer's arms :
Oh, guard them safely from all threatening harms,
And make them, Lord, forever thine.

Husband, I part with you;
Listen, beloved, it is my dying voice,
Make Christ, I pray, your everlasting choice—
He calls me home—adieu—adieu!

Alas, that one so fair
Should pass away—a star so bright should set,
Whose lovely rays might bless a thousand hearts,
And scatter gladness in the path of gloom.
How wide the desolation Sin hath made!
The world he holds beneath his iron sway,
And gives its myriads to the grasp of Death!
But still, rejoice, for oh, what triumph here,
In this dread conflict! She is gone!—’t is o’er!
Another gem bedecks the Saviour’s crown—
Another angel walks the golden streets!
That sweet celestial smile which brightly played,
Upon her pallid features, as the last
Farewell was spoken, and the parting prayer
Put up to Heaven’s low bending ear—bespeaks
A glorious passage to the spirit world,
And seals with truth the earnest of her soul,
To which her dying lips gave utterance—
“*I’m not deceived—my hope is sure!*” ’T is well;
She’s free from every care—

List !—list !—methinks

I hear a song as sweet as angels sing—
How soft it swells upon the breeze of heaven,
And echoes on the sky's resounding arch—
It is—it is a seraph's voice !—

She has gone to the home of her rest,
To realms of eternal delight—
She mingles in joy with the blest,
Arrayed in perennial white.

She bears a glad harp in her hand,
And touches with rapture its strings—
To her voice list the cherubic band,
For sweet is the song that she sings.

She has gone to the Eden of love,
Away from this sorrowing sphere—
She meets with no sadness above,
Nor falls from her eyelids a tear.

Weep not for the spirit that's fled,
Nor heave the embittering sigh—
She resteth not now with the dead,
But dwells with her Saviour on high.

DEATH OF THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

WRITTEN ON THE DECEASE OF MRS. EMELINE C. CLARKE,
THE ENDEARED COMPANION OF REV. M. G. CLARKE,
OF NORWICH, CONN.

ALAS! the world is fraught with sorrow!
Its brightest scene may have its gloom;
And fondest hopes we fain would borrow
From radiant vistas of the morrow,
Ere then may find a rayless tomb!

The Pastor's circle has been broken—
His partner slumbers with the dead;
The solemn accents have been spoken,
As each exchanged the farewell token,
Before her peaceful spirit fled.

In blest repose she sweetly slumbers,
From every scene of care away—
With angel harps, she tunes her numbers,
And naught of woe her spirit cumber,
Amidst the realms of endless day.

No more at worship's altar bending,
 Shall soft arise her heavenly voice—
No more her deeds, with kindness blending,
Like blessings from above descending,
 Shall bid the lonely heart rejoice.

Though where her mouldering dust is sleeping,
 No lofty monument may tell—
The numerous friends, her absence weeping,
A thousand hearts, her memory keeping,
 Her name and love shall cherish well.

Mourn not, my friend, though she is taken
 From those dear children at thy side,
And oft thy home hath seemed forsaken—
In Jesus let thy trust, unshaken,
 Firm as His throne, for aye abide !

SONNET.—TO SARAH.

CALM as the surface of the gentle stream,
 That sweetly flows amidst the scented flowers,
 Whose mossy banks the ivy's green embowers,
 Or bright as visions of an infant's dream,
 Be the mutations of thy passing life,
 Free from the evils of discordant strife.
 May no rude blast from Fortune's stormy cloud,
 Along the vistas of thy pathway pour—
 May Sorrow's gloom no radiant scene enshroud,
 That rises fair on being's asperous shore.
 May Heaven on thee selectest gifts bestow,
 And on the friend of thy endearing choice;
 And bid your fondly trusting hearts rejoice,
 Nor aught of sadness feel, or anguish know.

THE REMINISCENCES OF HOME.

“Hæc meminisse juvat.”

I.

CONNECTICUT ! I love thy peaceful land,
 The happy home of many a joyous heart,
 Where smiling Knowledge, with a liberal hand,
 To all, her treasures freely doth impart.
 I love the works of nature and of art,
 That o'er thy bosom every where are spread—
 The town, the quiet village, and the busy mart ;
 The stream, the vale, and mountain's lofty head ;
 And hallowed sepulchres, where sleep the honored
 dead.

II.

Land of my birth—my home—I love thee well ;
Of all thy pleasing scenes I fain would sing,
For thought and memory round them lingering dwell,
And recollections sweet to mind they bring
Of those I loved in life's bright laughing spring,
And many a spot where lives a friendly throng ;
But I must clip the gentle Muse's wing,
Nor let the general theme my verse prolong—
SUFFIELD ! to thee I turn, be thou my humble song.

III.

HOME ! there is music in that glowing word,
That hath mysterious influence on the soul ;
There 's eloquence, though 't is in silence heard,
Which bears an irresistible control,
And chains the spirit spell-bound to its goal,
While it spreads out the vision of the past,
Which beams on Memory's far-stretching roll,
And wakes a thousand scenes of rainbow cast,
And withered hopes and joys, too bright and fair
to last.

. IV.

When Parting's melancholy hour draws nigh,
How thrills the heart of him who bids farewell
To those endeared by friendship's hallowed tie,
Who leaves his childhood's home, around which
dwell

Familiar things that of his pastimes tell.
His thoughts are now of friends beloved with whom
He parts. Ere he return, the funeral knell,
Perchance, will speak their passage to the tomb,
Or he may rest beneath some lonely grave-yard's
gloom !

V.

SUFFIELD ! home of my earliest youthful hours,
Place where my fathers lived, my fathers died,
How oft with young companions, 'mid thy bowers,
I 've sat, or rambled by the silvery tide
Of thy pure rills which through the meadows
glide,
Winding their course along toward other streams ;
And oft I 've climed upon the mountain's side,
And viewed fair Nature 'neath the sun's warm
beams—
Days of my youth ! ye now appear like airy
dreams.

VI.

Still the remembrance of each pleasing scene,
Comes o'er my spirit, on its lightsome wing,
And I in fancy tread the vernal green,
And gather plants, around the favorite spring—
By the pond's shore my little bark I bring,
And laugh, as o'er the wave erect it sweeps—
Now to the burial place I 'm wandering,
Where, 'midst its silence and its grassy heaps,
A cherished brother lies, and kindest father sleeps !

VII.

Fled are those hours, and past those halcyon days,
Those early pleasures are forever gone ;
Clouds have obscured the fair resplendent rays
Of the bright sun that rose so clear at dawn,
And poured its glad light o'er the hill and lawn.
Old Time, unwearied in his tireless flight,
Hath rolled his ponderous car unceasing on,
And left sweet scenes that burst upon my sight,
O'er which is gathering fast, Oblivion's darkling
night.

VIII.

RETREAT OF SCIENCE ! oft, within thy walls,⁵
Have I o'er antique wisdom pondered well,
And trod with joyous step thy sacred halls ;
And then alone, as in some silent dell,
Have wooed the muse wrapt in a poet's spell ;
And with CALLIOPE's proud sons did meet,
To hear what youthful Ciceros could tell,
While some laid "*Garlands*" at her royal feet,
And others brought their gifts with eloquence
replete.

IX.

Again, glad fount, whence streams of wisdom flow,
I found a home beneath thy classic shade,
And joyful saw the eye with rapture glow,
As some new truth the learner's toil repaid.
Oh, ever may kind Heaven, his fostering aid,
The richest favors of his bounteous hand,
Grant to the youth who shall to thee have
strayed,
From various portions of our cherished land ;
And blest rewards to those who guide the aspiring
band.

X.

SUFFIELD!—there's magic in that word to me—
It calls to mind a thousand scenes gone by,
And many a friend whom now methinks I see;
But ah! the vision fadeth from my eye;
For some I fondly loved now mouldering lie,
Wrapt in the quiet grave's enshrouding gloom;
From other friends I parted with a sigh—
Such is our lot, and such our common doom,
Our path is marked with change, it leadeth to the
tomb!

XI.

Through all the journey of our earthly life,
We meet—we part—and onward still pursue,
'Midst varying scenes of pleasure, care, and strife,
And clasp bright hopes that fancy brings to view.
But some who once, with vigor warm and new,
Trod Science' path with noble spirits brave,
Alas! have withered—gone like morning's dew,
And o'er their tomb the weeping willows wave—
Ay, now my thoughts are turned toward loved
McWHINNIE's grave!

XII.

Land of my happiest days ! I love the still,
Though now removed from all that's joyous
there ;
I love thy varied scenery which might fill
The soul that loves the beautiful and fair,
With joy—for what to thine may yet compare ?
Thy walks I love, thy fruitful fields around,
Thy elms and sycamores that tower in air,
Thy friendly homes, the church-bell's solemn sound,
Whose welcome call invites where heavenly bliss
is found.

XIII.

'T is joy the Sabbath's holy morn to greet,
And join the worshipers that pass along,
Within their sanctuary-home to meet—
To bow in prayer, and chant, in accents strong
And sweet, the sacred, soul-inspiring song ;
Then list to words with peerless wisdom rife,
And see the Sunday school, its youthful throng,
Free from a sinful world's contending strife,
Drink at the crystal fount of Everlasting Life.

XIV.

SUFFIELD ! how oft thy peaceful bowers among,
Have I such scenes enjoyed with many a friend :
And heard the sweet baptismal anthem sung,
The humble orison to Heaven ascend,
As to the Saviour's rite the faithful bend,
And rise, and on their pilgrim-way rejoice.
And oft I sought, when evening shades extend,
The place of prayer, or heard the pastor's voice ;
And still may he be crowned with gifts of heavenly
choice.

XV.

'Tis evening's hour, and lone as I survey
The vesper-star that beams in yonder sky,
My thoughts toward home are wandering away,
And lingering round remembered scenes gone by,
Deeming a friend, perchance, with watchful eye,
In calmest solitude and silence there,
Is gazing on the self-same star on high,
And breathes a whisper on the floating air,
Which now I seem to catch and mutual converse
share.

XVI.

Farewell, loved home, thy name my bosom thrills !

Adieu, ye pleasing scenes of fond delight ;

Ye mountains, meads, and groves, and circling
rills—

Farewell, kind friends, may naught our friendship
blight ;

To you my glad thoughts wing their way to-night ;

Farewell, ye venerable trees, which tell

That time is passing with a meteor flight—

Farewell, proud River, on thy banks I'd dwell ;

But—hush, my wayward harp—Echo responds,

FAREWELL !

Providence, R. I.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1. PAGE 14. Reference is here made to the late lamented Josiah McWhinnie, a native of Scotland, and a young man of unusual promise. This Poem (*Eloquence of Nature*) was delivered at the Annual Exhibition of the Connecticut Literary Institution, in August, 1840. One year previous, Mr. McWhinnie completed his preparatory studies at the Institution, and delivered at the Exhibition a beautiful and eloquent production on the "Highland Scenery of Scotland." He soon after entered the Theological Seminary at Newton, Mass. and while laboring during the vacation with the Baptist Church at Chelsea, died, after a short illness. His simplicity of manners, his frankness and candor, his deeds of kindness, and his ardent and cheerful piety tenderly attached him to all who had the pleasure of forming his acquaintance.

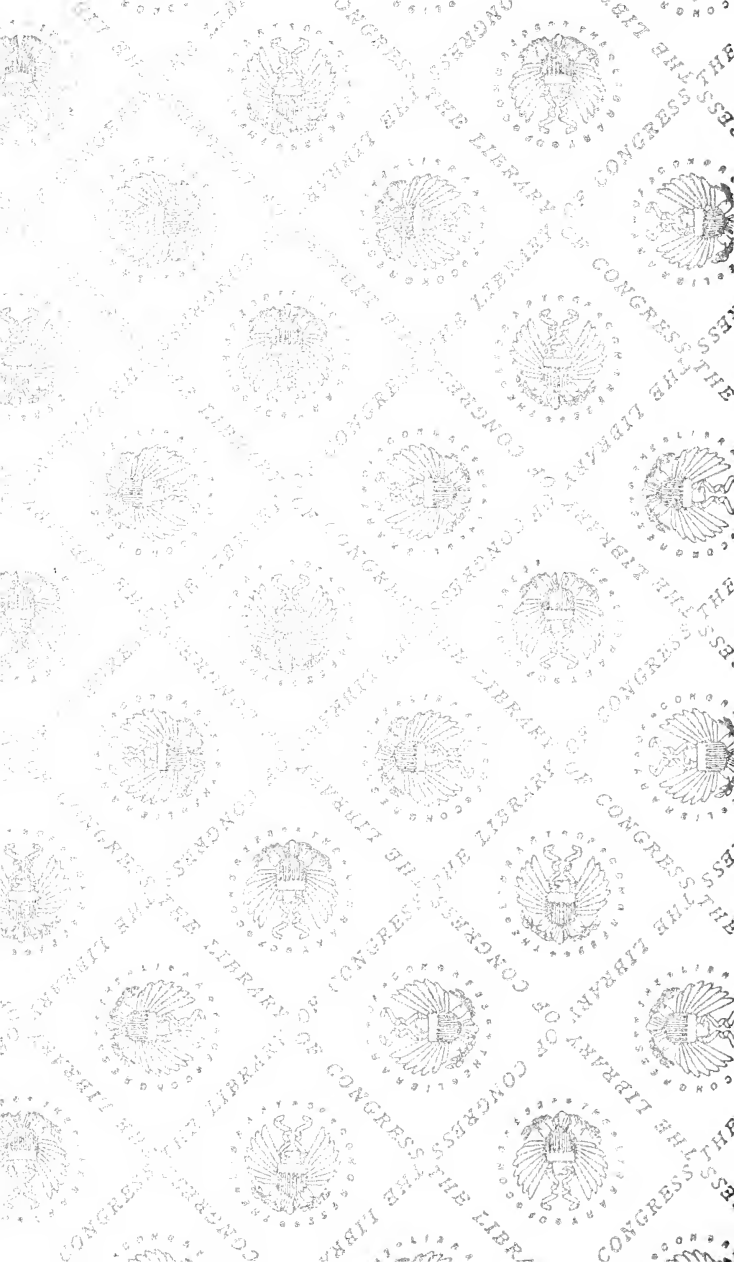
NOTE 2. PAGE 43. In the account given in Exodus of the destruction of the hosts of Pharaoh in the Red Sea, nothing is said of a storm. But in Psalms 77 : 16—29, and in Josephus, a most fearful tempest is mentioned as accompanying the awful event.

NOTE 3. PAGE 101. See Note 1.

NOTE 4. PAGE 145. In many congregations, there are Societies of Young Ladies, who meet together for the purpose of sewing, knitting, &c. to provide clothing for destitute children, that they may attend the Sabbath School—to aid indigent pious young men, in acquiring an education—and to assist the needy generally. Such are here denominated the "Sisters of Charity."

NOTE 5. PAGE 162. In this verse reference is made to the Con. Lit. Institution at Suffield, and to the Calliopean Society connected with it. For a time several of its members conducted a paper, called "Calliope's Garland," which was read before the Society at its regular meetings. At this Institution the writer pursued his studies preparatory to entering College, and subsequently spent a few months there as an assistant instructor, to which allusion is made in the next stanza.

* * In some parts of the volume a few typographical errors, mostly in orthography, were overlooked in reading the proof sheets.



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